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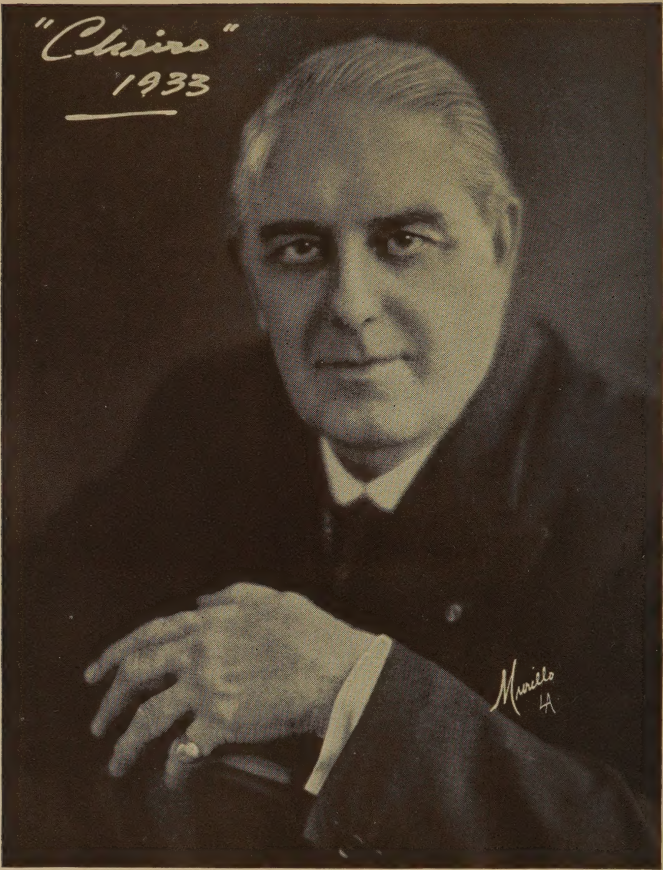
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MYSTERIES AND ROMANCES OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST OCCULTISTS

BY

"CHEIRO"

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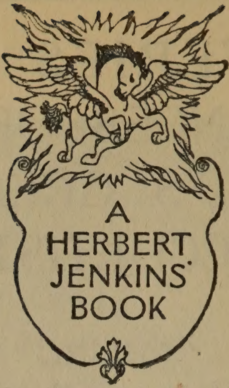
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PART I

PREFACE

IN every age people have been interested in the researches of Alchemists, Chemists and thinkers of all classes in their pursuit of the mysteries of nature; mankind has always dreamt that some day a discovery would be made of "The Elixir of Life," or if not that, some formula to conquer disease and add a few more years to life's short span.

Subconsciously, humanity has felt that in some past age inventions and discoveries were made that in later times became lost in the ebb and flow of various civilizations as they swept across this earth.

The recent discovery in modern times of changes caused by the "precession of the Equinox" has proved that in past æons ancient races, such as the Chinese, Hindus, Hebrews or Chaldeans, had in some mysterious way known that the length of time for the "precess" to accomplish its cycle was a period of 25,800 years, at the end of which all civilization would be completely altered or swept away and a new era begun.

Ancient philosophers and thinkers had in some extraordinary way divined, that what is known as the "points of the Equinox" entered a different constellation of the Zodiac every 2,150 years. Multiplying this period by twelve, the number of the Signs of the Zodiac, they arrived at the complete cycle of the "precession" namely, 25,800 years.

Further to this, they demonstrated that each Zodiacal period of 2,150 years produced changes in nations and races that could be accounted for in no other way than by the fact that each different section of the heavens appeared to influence some one race more than another. Working from this thesis they placed countries and vast portions of the world as governed by certain Signs of the Zodiac and not by others.

How these ancient students of the heavens discovered such things, or what ages of time were consumed in such researches, has never been known—and perhaps never will be. In any case it must be admitted that the same idea is distinctly conveyed in the pages of Holy Writ, in which it is said :—

> "When thou seest the sun and the moon and the stars even all the host of heaven . . . which the Lord thy God hath divided unto all nations under the whole heaven."—Deut. iv, 19.

> "Out of heaven he made thee to hear his voice (the Lord of Hosts—or heavens) that he might instruct thee."—Deut. iv, 36.

In another part, dealing with the descendants of the three sons of Noah, it says :—

> " By these were the isles of the Gentiles divided in their lands, everyone after his tongue after their families in their nations."—Gen. x, 5.

It has long been the idea among many modern writers that in some past age, when men were perhaps closer to nature, that God the Creator of all, by inspiration or other means, revealed secrets to man that in following centuries became lost.

In Genesis, chapter v, 22, one reads :—

> " And Enoch walked with God."

Following this in the next chapter, describing Noah, it says :—

> " Noah was a just man and perfect in his generation and Noah walked with God."

It is therefore not incompatible with reason to follow the idea that those ancient philosophers and astrologers fathomed great secrets of nature by some system or method of study superior to our mechanical minds.

We know for an absolute fact that they discovered " the precession of the equinoxes," and that it is only in very recent years, with all the scientific instruments at our disposal, that we have proved *they were correct in their statements*.

If, therefore, those ancient "Wise Men" were so exact in their calculations about one of the greatest marvels of nature, may they not be as equally correct in their divisions of the Zodiac to influence, or as they termed it, to "govern" different countries of the world?

Ages before Mercator had planned out his Map of the Globe, these old students of the heavens had laid down that "the Isles of the North," otherwise England, was governed by Aries—the Sign of the Ram, and House of Mars, that the portion of Europe now designated as Germany was under the same Sign.

To France and Italy they gave the Sign of Leo, the Lion. They laid down the interesting and instructive axiom that countries under "animal signs" of the Zodiac should combine for self-preservation *or else they must fight one another to the death.*

Russia they placed under the Sign of Aquarius, ruled by the planet Saturn, the symbol of which was the figure of an old man bowed down by Time, crushed by experience, yet in the end pouring out water on the earth to bring back its fruitfulness.

To the far-off continent of America, then unknown, except in the minds of those ancient students, they placed the northern part, including the portion now known as the United States, under the Sign of Gemini—the Twins, whose ruler is Mercury in its positive aspect. As time went on this definition became most applicable to the northern part of the American continent, as the planet Mercury represents Science, Invention, Business, Commerce and such like qualities, Gemini is the first house of the Air Triplicity. The eagle, the King of the Air, was chosen as the symbolic sign of the United States, a nation that was destined to be the birthplace of the Wright Brothers, the inventors of the aeroplane.

The United States has not only constructed the largest airship the world has yet seen, but it possesses the greatest *natural* supply of Helium, a non-inflammable gas that ensures the safety of lighter-than-air ships.

It would be out of place here to give further details of the divisions of the heavens affecting other nations ; readers can, if they wish, find a full description regarding countries and cities ruled by the Zodiacal Signs in my work called " World Predictions," published in England and the United States in 1926.

In dealing with the " Mysteries and Romances of the World's Greatest Occultists," I have, as far as possible, resurrected from histories and manuscripts available the facts that are on record regarding the more outstanding of these remarkable characters.

In the second part of this book I have dealt with modern Occultists, or those whom I believe were influenced by such studies, and were personally known to me, such as Madame Blavatsky ; Annie Besant ; William Q. Judge ; Katherine Tingley ; Krishnamurti ; Sir Oliver Lodge ; Camille Flammarion ; Alfred Minchin, an astrologer who predicted his own death ; Hindu Mystics ; Cardinal Sarto, afterwards Pope Pius X ; and John W. Keely, the inventor of the " Keely Motor."

In this way, I hope my readers will find that I have, as far as in my power, brought the subject-matter up to date, making it of use to that ever-widening circle of the public that in the present age are taking more and more interest in occult subjects.

" CHEIRO "

CHAPTER I

THE ROMANCE OF CAGLIOSTRO. ASTROLOGER, MYSTIC AND MAGICIAN

AS many may wish to know something about Cagliostro, who was one of the outstanding figures in the records of occultism, I feel I cannot do better than commence this book by giving an account of some of the remarkable incidents that I have collected from archives and other sources regarding his astounding career.

There is no doubt that few men in the course of their lives ever experienced such calumnies as fell to the lot of Cagliostro. The reason for this will, however, be apparent to any unbiased mind, especially when one considers the time and conditions under which he lived.

His remarkable cures, effected chiefly by potions made from the distillation of herbs, brought down on him the enmity of doctors and physicians wherever he lived.

That he *did* cure the sick and ailing there can be no question; further, that he gave his time and remedies to the poor without price or any hope of reward has been equally agreed on, even by his most bitter detractors.

That he was a master of hypnotism is also accorded, but as the term "healer" was not understood in the period in which he lived, the marvellous cures he performed were, it is perhaps natural, put down to magic or the agency of the Devil or any other power not understood at that moment.

That he did not belong to any recognized profession also acted in his disfavour. In his day there were only two classes—the very rich or the very poor. The aristocrat of wealth or breeding could hardly breathe the same atmosphere with the tradesman or the unfortunate being who had to work in order to live.

Cagliostro came in between these two millstones. Who can wonder, then, if in the end he was ground "exceeding small."

Who Cagliostro was, where he was born and where he came from are questions that have never been clearly answered.

For many reasons, this extraordinary man attracted antagonism. In some cases it was bred from jealousy of his success, in others it came from political propaganda, especially by his "Lettre au Peuple Français" after his banishment from France, which letter so exposed both Royalty and the Government that it is said it helped to bring on the French Revolution.

The organ of the French Government, *Courrier de L'Europe*," published in England, was paid to circulate the story that Count Cagliostro and the infamous Joseph Balsamo, a man born in the lowest circumstances in Palermo, were one and the same person.

As Mr. W. R. Trowbridge, in his book, "Cagliostro," points out, this infamy "rests on the word of the editor of the *Courrier de l'Europe*, a man of the lowest and most profligate habits, and upon an anonymous letter from someone in Palermo to the Chief of the Paris police."

The victim had no means of defending himself against these lying stories. At the moment when such libels were being most actively circulated with the object of discrediting him in France, he was under banishment in England, with every organ of the press against him.

Mr. Trowbridge also very justly points out that "nobody who had known Balsamo ever saw Cagliostro," further, that Balsamo, who had been in England in 1771, was "wanted" by the London police. "How then was it," he asks, "that six months afterward they did not recognize him in Count Cagliostro, who spent four months in a debtors' prison in London for no fault of his own?"

The Inquisition at Rome, being naturally Cagliostro's most avowed enemy, in an effort to appease the public after his supposed death at its hands, circulated his so-called confession under torture, in an attempt to prove that he and the forger Joseph Balsamo were one and the same.

The "Life of Joseph Balsamo," by an anonymous writer, published in Rome by order of the Apostolic Court in 1791, was apparently written by one of the judges who officiated at his trial, but if one remembers the usual methods of the Inquisition one could hardly be surprised at anything said in such a publication.

It must further be held in mind that Cagliostro was condemned to death by the Inquisition on the sole charge of his Masonic activities and for the propagation of his "Egyptian Rite."

At the time of his trial Masonry of any description was peculiarly abhorrent to the Church of Rome, and was prosecuted under penalty of death.

Taking these circumstances into consideration, it is only natural to surmise, that the more arrant a scoundrel Cagliostro, under the guise of Joseph Balsamo, was depicted, the better the Inquisition would appear in the eyes of the world.

It would be impossible for anyone of an

unbiased mind to believe that a man of such profound knowledge as is admitted he had even by his enemies—a man who spoke so many languages, as Greek, Hebrew, Latin, Arabic, French, German, Italian and English—whose knowledge of medicine was far in advance of the professors of that time, could be the same as the uneducated Joseph Balsamo.

Such is, however, the power of propaganda of Church, State and Press that the greatest wonder is Cagliostro existed at all in spite of such opposition.

Although his own account of his origin and early career, as he gave it before his judges in Paris at the time of the famous affair of " The Queen's Necklace," may appear on the surface as more or less fantastic, yet the axiom must be borne in mind " that men who lead unusual lives must have unusual experiences." It must further be borne in mind that with all the forces of the law arrayed against him in that sensational trial, *he was acquitted by his judges.* No mention of the name of Joseph Balsamo was brought into the case. He was simply banished from France by order of Louis XVI, who had to do something to appease the anger of his Queen. And yet a few months later the King himself rescinded the order of exile and Cagliostro was invited to return to France.

In Cagliostro's own statement before the French Court, he said: "I am unable to be definite about either the place of my birth or my parentage. I have made exhaustive enquiries, but these have brought me no more than vague though certainly exalted suspicions as to the rank of my family. My earliest recollections are of the city of Medina in Arabia.

"Here I passed my childhood, being known as Acharat, a name which I continued to use later during my travels through Africa and Asia.

"At Medina I lived in the palace of the Mufti Salahaym, who was the head of the Mohammedan religion. There were four persons devoted to my care; a tutor aged about sixty, whose name was Althotas, and three servants, one a white man who acted as my valet, and two blacks who kept me in their sight night and day.

"According to my tutor I had been orphaned at three months. My parents, he told me, were Christians and of noble birth. More than this he would not disclose.

"Althotas, whose name I cannot speak even now without emotion, was more than a father to me. He instructed me in all the sciences, in every one of which he was profoundly adept. I made most progress in botany and chemistry.

He taught me to fear God, love my neighbour and respect the law.

" My tutor also instructed me in most of the Eastern languages. He would talk to me about the Pyramids of Egypt and their wonders until my desire to see these things for myself grew so strong that life in Medina began to pall. At last, in my twelfth year, Althotas informed me we were setting out on our travels. We bade farewell to the Mufti, who was loath to see us go, and joined a caravan for Mecca."

Cagliostro then went on to describe his stay in the palace of the Cherif of Mecca, until his final arrival at Malta.

" Here," he proceeded, " Pinto, the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, invited me to his palace and lodged me near his laboratory. I have reason to believe that the Grand Master Pinto knew the secret of my birth. He often spoke of the Cherif and mentioned the city of Trebizond, but never in detail, but he always treated me with every honour and promised me rapid preferment if I would take the cross. I was too fond of travelling and the practice of medicine to accept his generous offer.

" After the death on the island of my teacher and best friend, Althotas, I begged the Grand Master to allow me to leave in order to travel. He reluctantly consented and on his instructions the Chevalier d'Aguino accompanied me first to Sicily, then to Greece and finally to Naples and Rome.

" Here I met His Eminence the Cardinal Orsini, who had me frequently to dine with him and introduced me to many Cardinals and Roman Princes, notably Cardinal Ganganelli, who afterward became Pope Clement XIV. I had several times the honour of a private interview with the Pope Razzonico, who filled the Papal Throne at that time.

" In 1770, in my twenty-second year, I met a young lady of good birth, Lorenza Seraphina Feliciani, whose beauty kindled in me a flame which sixteen years of marriage have failed to extinguish."

Cagliostro ended his defence by refuting each slanderous statement the Countess de Lamotte had hurled against him, as :

" Empiric is a word I have often heard without precisely understanding its meaning. If it means one who, though not professing to be a doctor, can yet cure both rich and poor without fee or reward, then I confess I am an empiric.

" Mean Alchemist ? Whether I am alchemist or not, the term ' mean ' can be applied only to beggars and sycophants. No one can say Cagliostro has begged of any man.

"Dreamer about the Philosopher's Stone? Whatever my opinion about the Stone may be, I have kept it to myself and never obtruded it on the public.

"False prophet? Not always. I warned the Cardinal de Rohan that the Countess de Lamotte-Valois was a deceitful, dangerous woman. Had he taken my advice, he would not be in his present position.

"A Jew? I never was either a Jew or Mohammedan."

As I am not attempting to write the life of Count Cagliostro I need not go into further details, but will proceed with incidents of perhaps greater interest to my readers.

Cagliostro was a mystery to all who met him. Here was a man who attracted money and yet despised it, a man who squandered riches as they never had been squandered before or since.

Where did he get his wealth? That mystery alone was sufficient for his damnation.

Cagliostro had, however, two incentives for his pursuit of gold. One the sense of power it gave—the other the greatest incentive of all—the *love of a woman.*

No matter how Cagliostro may be criticized or censured by self-appointed judges, through all the many vicissitudes of his eventful career, like a golden thread that may at times have led to Heaven, his love for his beautiful Lorenza, "wife before God," stands out more like a dream than a reality.

For her he amassed wealth—for her he sold love philtres or the "Elixir of Life." Her pearls had to be the finest, her diamonds the whitest, her gowns the richest of any woman in the land.

He forgave her sins—and she had many, if one is to believe one-half of the rumours concerning her—but in spite of all the beautiful women who threw themselves at his feet, Cagliostro remained her devoted lover up to the last moment of his life.

Where did he meet Lorenza Feliciani? That is one of the many mysteries surrounding the events of his early career.

It may be noticed that in his statement before the Court in Paris, he only said: "In my twenty-second year I met a young lady of good birth"; he did not mention under what circumstances he met her.

There is one intensely romantic story which may be as true as any other, but which was borne out later on in Lorenza's confession to the Mother Superior of the Convent at Versailles, the sister of Louis XVI.

This story bears out Cagliostro's extraordinary powers of hypnotism.

One afternoon in the autumn of 1770 a carriage containing a young girl and her mother was proceeding on one of the roads outside of Rome towards an isolated Convent situated on one of the loneliest hills in that part of the country. For some reason the horses suddenly became unmanageable, tore the reins from the hands of the coachman, and rushed in a headlong fury down the road towards a narrow bridge that lay across one of the mountain torrents.

In a few seconds disaster and perhaps tragedy lay waiting.

Suddenly a young man sprang out of a wood, and at the risk of his life seized the bridle of one of the horses and quieted the terror-stricken animals.

The mother, loud in her protestations of thanks and fearful of a similar recurrence, begged the young man to remain with them until the safety of the Convent was reached.

Little was said during the rest of the journey, the mother was still unnerved, the young girl sat back in the depths of the carriage with her expressive dark eyes every now and then meeting those of the handsome stranger.

At the Convent the mother insisted in presenting him to the Revered Abbess.

She was old, austere in her manner. She

received them in an ante-chamber, outside of the main building. "Men were never permitted to enter the Convent," she explained.

The young girl was about to enter her year of initiation; a few moments and the young man must say good-bye to her for ever.

The moments flew past, he rose to go, his eyes met hers, the Convent gates opened and closed, and he went out into the night.

Cagliostro, for it was none other, refused the offer of the carriage, and started on his long, lonely walk towards Rome.

He knew he had met his companion-soul; he knew also that those walls of stone stood between them as an impassable barrier.

Under such conditions, most men would have bowed their head to Fate. Cagliostro was, however, not like other men. He glanced upward at the stars, and resolved to fight Fate for that young girl who had so unexpectedly entered into his life.

The year of her initiation had nearly passed. Night after night Cagliostro might have been seen wending his way from Rome and posting himself as a sentinel outside those lonely Convent walls.

He had learned that the Feliciani family—one of the proudest in Rome—were devout Catholics, and happy in the fact that their only child, Lorenza, was about to take "the Veil."

As the days and nights and months rolled by Cagliostro's love grew more and more intense. It had burned up his heart and consumed his very soul.

He knew Lorenza loved him; her eyes had told him so at that last meeting. Love, when it is real, has no need of vows or words—it feeds on itself, and goes on for ever increasing.

But what was to be done? In a few more days the ceremony would be over, "the Veil" taken, and Lorenza the Beautiful would no longer be of this world.

A plan was forming in his brain, a daring plan. If it failed his life would pay the penalty. Better that, he thought, than a living death without love.

The morning of the ceremony dawned, cold and grey across the horizon. The "eternal hills of Rome" that had seen so many tragedies seemed brooding in the distance. Fate had shuffled her cards and was waiting in silence "to call his hand."

The candles had been lighted on the altar; monks and priests had trooped into their stalls, deep tones of the organ vibrated through the chancel, the Feliciani family were already on their knees—owing to the strict rules of the Convent they were the only strangers that could be present.

The ceremony commenced, the solemn words of the Bishop echoed through the silence ; the Gates of Heaven were being opened to admit its child.

A trembling form in white was about to renounce the world for ever.

Supported by the Revered Abbess, Lorenza looked more beautiful than any saint ; her pale cheeks, flushed with fever, were like the petals of a new-born rose. Again the organ pealed, and sweet voices of nuns intoned a response.

The tall figure of a monk in black entered at the side, and took a position by one of the pillars.

The moment had arrived when the vow was about to be given. All heads were bowed—all hearts stilled to listen.

The figure of the monk moved, noiselessly he glided to Lorenza's side—a piercing shriek—he had seized her in his arms and was already passing through the side door out into the open.

A marriage ceremony took place in a small village beyond Rome, and before night fell the carriage containing Cagliostro and Lorenza was speeding on its way towards the Italian frontier.

CHAPTER II

CAGLIOSTRO APPEARS BEFORE THE SECRET COUNCIL OF THE ROSE-CROIX

MANY books about Cagliostro relate his travels with Lorenza as pilgrims through Spain and France. During this time much evidence may be collected that in Lorenza, Cagliostro had discovered a remarkable medium who could be of great assistance to him in his mystical operations.

In some records she is described, when in a state of trance, affording him exact descriptions of persons about to visit him, and even to the propositions that would be placed before him.

Before, however, he made use of her powers in some of the extraordinary manifestations of occultism he gave in France and England, we must accompany him in his appearance before the Secret Council of the Rose-Croix or Order of the Rosicrucians, which at that moment were a Society yielding great power and influence in Germany.

In such narrow-minded times, all secret

societies had to observe the greatest precautions that their members were not known or their meeting places discovered.

The "Brothers of the Rosy Cross"—or as they were also called, the "Illuminati"—traced their origin back to about 1422, but their great rise to power did not occur before 1537. From that date out their secret lodges attracted some of the most educated men of the day, including members of royalty, princes, nobles and even prelates of high rank in the church.

In Germany the "Bretheren of the Rosy Cross" were especially powerful. Frederick William II, King of Prussia, joined the Order in 1781. He was then in his thirty-seventh year, and his position did much to further the interests of the Society. It also numbered among its members the reigning Dukes of Gotha and Weimar.

Somewhere prior to this date Cagliostro suddenly made his appearance before the Secret Council of the Rose-Croix at their head-quarters in the heart of the Black Forest in Germany.

Leaving Lorenza comfortably settled in an inn in charge of a faithful servant, he set off alone to find the secret meeting-place of the "Brethren."

Such a quest would have been a hopeless one to any man not well versed in the rules and regulations of the Order, and meant death to any intruder not conversant with the pass-words, signs, etc., that would give entrance to the assembly.

Cagliostro had nothing to fear; he had been well versed by his teacher, Althotas, in all such mysteries.

He had never been near the Black Forest, or in fact in the heart of Germany, before. Some secret knowledge seemed to guide him. At a certain point on the main road he called the inn carriage to a halt and, telling the driver to wait there for him till dawn, without hesitation he plunged into a dark alley of pines that led up to an old ruined castle completely hidden in the forest.

There was no indication of life about the place; the moat looked dark and forbidding; there was no sign of a drawbridge or any means of entrance to the broken gateway on the other side.

A rising wind moaned through the trees, black clouds swept across the sky and covered the moon. Cagliostro stood irresolute; for a few moments he seemed like a man who had lost his way.

He paced up and down as if trying to collect his thoughts. Suddenly he put his fingers to his lips and made a peculiar whistle that sounded like three distinct notes. He repeated this three times. As the echo of the last tone died away a tall figure in armour appeared to rise from a pile of stones by his side, a sword flashed, a sepulchral voice said in German :

" Who art thou that disturbest the dead ? "

Cagliostro, in the same language, replied : " I come not here to disturb the dead—but to speak with the living."

Figure in armour : " Give me the name of he who sent you."

Cagliostro : " The name of my Master is Althotas."

Figure in armour : " Give me the passwords."

Cagliostro : " Lilia, Pedibus, Destrue."

Figure in armour (putting back his sword) : " Follow me."

Passing through an archway they descended some steps, then a subterranean passage beneath the moat which led to a vaulted crypt under the centre of the castle.

The figure in armour advanced, knocked three times on the panel of a heavy oak door.

A voice : " Who demands admittance ? "

Figure in armour : " A Brother who seeks the Light."

Voice : " Do you vouch for him as a Brother ? "

Figure in armour : " I do."

The doors are thrown open. Cagliostro enters. Seated round a table in the centre are twelve men dressed in mantles of different colours according to the Sign of the Zodiac under which they were born. They are bending over a large map of Europe. As Cagliostro comes in they draw the cowls of their mantles over their faces.

The President, at the head of the table, rises. With sword drawn he advances towards Cagliostro: "Who are you?" he demands. "Do you know the danger you run in entering here?"

Cagliostro, with a smile, replies: "There is no danger in the heart of the Rose-Croix for one who belongs to the Order."

President: "Who is here who can prove that you have the right to enter?"

Cagliostro: "The man who is behind yonder screen, the Grand Master of our Order."

The screen at the back opens, the two sides rolling back slowly. The Grand Master is disclosed sitting on a throne of gold, dressed in a long white robe. On his breast lies a large cross of diamonds with a red rose of rubies in the centre.

The Master, an old, majestic-looking figure, rises. Speaking in a deep, impressive voice, he says: "In the name of the Brethren of the West, I greet Cagliostro, the envoy of the East."

All rise.

Cagliostro bends on one knee before the throne.

The Grand Master, placing his hand on his head, says: " Cagliostro, my Brother, I have willed you to come here. I am growing old, the days of my life are numbered. Knowing your knowledge and the powers you possess, I have chosen you to carry on my mission on earth. Are you ready to take my place ? "

Cagliostro : " I am, Master."

The Grand Master opens a metal box shaped like a scroll. Taking out a parchment he hands it to Cagliostro. " You will find here, my Brother, all you need to know, together with the names of those who can best serve you and our Order. Guard it with your life. The loss of this parchment would mean death to many of our brethren. Go now, my Brother, back into the world; sow the seeds of the Rose-Croix wherever your feet may linger. Use your secrets to make men and women see the ' Light of Truth.' Lift the fallen—humble the mighty—spread the only true religion—the Brotherhood of Man across the earth.

" Good-bye, Cagliostro, my blessing goes with you."

The twelve knights surround Cagliostro and lead him back to the outer world.

CHAPTER III

CAGLIOSTRO ESTABLISHES "THE EGYPTIAN RITE" IN PARIS

AFTER passing through Germany and stopping for some time in Strasburg as the guest of the Prince Cardinal de Rohan, Cagliostro reached Paris in the year 1781, and at once proceeded to establish "The Egyptian Rite," founded on ancient Masonic laws which he claimed to have discovered during his sojourn in the Orient.

In order to do this with proper effect, Cagliostro erected in the rue de la Sourdiere a magnificent temple of which he was the Grand Master.*

In opposition to the rules of the French Freemasons who, up to then, had been closely allied with the English and Scottish Rite established by Elias Ashmole of Oxford, Cagliostro announced that the feminine sex should be no longer debarred from participating in Masonic ceremonies.

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* When Cagliostro was banished from France, his house and temple remained unopened until after the Revolution. In 1855 repairs were made and the temple demolished. Its doors were placed on a house in the rue Sainte Claude, where they may still be seen.

This was a master stroke of diplomacy, for by this means he obtained the direct patronage of the brilliant Court of Louis XVI.

Through the intervention of the Duke of Luxemburg, the Princess de Lambelle, the closest friend of Marie Antoinette, was offered the position of Grand Mistress of Honour, which she graciously accepted. She was received into the Order on the evening of 20th March, 1785, attended by the most distinguished personages of the Court.

She made an imposing figure dressed in a robe of white silk, carrying the decoration of the Order in the form of a sash suspended from her right shoulder of rich blue satin fringed with silver, while on her left shoulder was a white rosette with three bars of gold. At the end of the sash was suspended a circle of gold enclosing a sceptre, the Hand of Justice and an ancient crown all constructed of precious jewels. She was led by Cagliostro to a white and gold throne placed on seven steps of gold upon a dias of silver stars.

Cagliostro was seated on another throne level with her feet.

The Queen, Marie Antoinette herself, assisted at the ceremony.

The vast Temple built by Cagliostro was transformed into " a *salon* of Paradise."

Following the ceremony a banquet was given by Cagliostro, the like of which had never been excelled even in those days of royal extravagance.

This regal launching of " The Egyptian Rite " naturally excited a considerable amount of jealousy on the part of the Grand Council of the regular Freemasons of Paris. In the end they passed a resolution to invite Cagliostro to attend a meeting of their Order in their own Temple.

The resolution was sent in the name of the most distinguished men of the day, the principal Ambassadors of the Courts of Europe being also invited.

Cagliostro accepted, and the historic meeting took place on the evening of 10th May, 1785.

The Grand Master of " The Egyptian Rite " was received with all the honours that could be accorded to him by the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, Cour de Gebelin and other members of the royal party.

Cagliostro was asked to speak on the mysteries of Freemasonry in general.

To the surprise and horror of everyone present, with burning and almost brutal eloquence, Cagliostro proceeded to show the distinguished assembly that they were absolutely ignorant of the real secrets underlying true Masonry.

At last, in desperation, Cour de Gebelin demanded that Cagliostro would give proofs of the superior knowledge he had obtained from "The Egyptian Rite."

Speaking in tones of decision and authority, Cagliostro took up the challenge.

He proceeded to show the Cabalistic meaning of Names and Numbers. He put before his audience the letters of the "Sacred Alphabet." He then asked them to apply a question and work out the answer for themselves.

The question they selected was: "LOUIS XVI, KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE. WILL HE BE HAPPY TO THE END OF HIS LIFE, AND WILL HE BEQUEATH THE THRONE TO HIS SON?"

The answer that worked out before the eyes of the assembly was: "LOUIS XVI WILL RUIN THE THRONE OF HIS ANCESTORS. HE WILL DIE ON THE SCAFFOLD IN THE THIRTY-NINTH YEAR OF HIS AGE."

Taking the number XVI as that of his dynasty, Cagliostro went on to explain that it corresponded to the sixteenth arcane, which was symbolized as a tower broken by a bolt of lightning from which a man was falling, a crown toppling from his head.*

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* See "Cheiro's Book of Numbers" for further explanation of this number. (Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., 3, York Street, Saint James's, London, S.W.1.)

A gasp of horror and astonishment burst from the assembly.

The next name submitted was: "MARIE ANTOINETTE, ARCHDUCHESSE OF AUSTRIA, QUEEN OF FRANCE."

The answer that worked itself out was: "UNHAPPY IN FRANCE, SHE WILL BE IMPRISONED AND BEHEADED."

Cagliostro ceased speaking for a moment. Cour de Gebelin, learned scientist that he was, appeared stupefied like the other persons around him.

"Sir," he said, turning to Cagliostro. "If God permits one to see the future, cannot our prayers prevent the threatened catastrophe? Countess de Lambelle, the friend of the Queen, is Grand Mistress of Honour in your 'Egyptian Rite.' Why not convey these messages to her so she may warn the Queen."

"No, Monsieur," replied Cagliostro, "she would not believe. I would only commit an imprudence at once dangerous and useless. Let us apply her name and see what it will give."

He wrote out her name and title. "MARIE-THERESE-LOUISE DE SAVOIE, PRINCESS DE LAMBELLE."

The answer came: "SHE WILL BE MASSACRED IN PARIS BY FOUR RUFFIANS AT THE CORNER

OF THE RUE DES BALLETS IN THE REVOLUTION THAT DESTROYS THE KING AND QUEEN."*

In the silence that followed, Cagliostro said: "If now we should ask what will be the end of the Revolution? the reply that is given is: 'A MAN FROM THE ISLAND OF CORSICA WILL BE ELECTED BY THE PEOPLE, UNDER A NEW TITLE HE WILL RESTORE THE POWER FALLEN FROM THE HANDS OF LOUIS XVI.'"

"Now, Messieurs, I will stop," said Cagliostro. "I do not fear having said too much. Being gentlemen you cannot be treacherous to me. You asked the proof of the superiority of the knowledge given by 'The Egyptian Rite.' I have given you the proofs—history will show the truth of my words."

"One moment more," cried Jacques Cazotte, the celebrated writer. "Can you give us the name of the Corsican who is predestined to the Throne of France?"

"Monsieur," Cagliostro replied, "the answer is contained in the words of your own question. THE MAN FROM THE ISLAND OF CORSICA WILL BE CALLED NAPOLEON BONAPARTE; HE WILL BE ELECTED BY THE PEOPLE; HE WILL CONQUER

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* Seven years later Countess de Lambelle was arrested with the Royal Family on the 10th August, 1792. Her father-in-law paid a hundred thousand ecus for her liberty. As she left the prison and was passing the last house at the corner of the rue des Ballets, she was attacked by four men, who hacked her to pieces with their swords, her head was cut off and carried on a pike through the streets of Paris.

NATIONS AND DOMINATE THRONES, BUT IN THE END RUINED, HE WILL FINISH AS A PRISONER ON A LONELY ISLE."

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It would take too much space in a book of this kind to tell more of Cagliostro's remarkable predictions. To-day they are a matter of history, and many of them may be found in the National Library in Paris.

It would not, however, be right if I did not relate perhaps the last one he made, and one that was vouched for by no less a personage than the Marquis de Launay, the Governor of the Bastille where Cagliostro, during the affair of " The Queen's Necklace," had been a prisoner for over eight months.

On the day of his release the Governor's attention was called by the warders to an inscription made by Cagliostro with the aid of an iron nail on the wall of his cell.

The translation of it is as follows :

" PEACE ! PEOPLE OF FRANCE. ON THE 14TH OF JULY, 1789, THIS BASTILLE WILL BE DESTROYED BY YOU, AND GRASS WILL GROW WHERE IT NOW STANDS."

As history records, the people besieged this famous prison ; it fell after a desperate fight on 14th July, 1789. Grass now covers, as Cagliostro predicted, the place where it once stood, as may be seen to-day by visitors to Paris.

CHAPTER IV

CAGLIOSTRO BEFORE THE INQUISITION: HIS LAST YEARS IN THE DUNGEON OF SAN LEO

CAGLIOSTRO'S star was now falling; he was afraid to take advantage of Louis XVI's cancellation of the order of banishment; he refused to return from his exile in England.

His attempts to establish "The Egyptian Rite" in London were not successful: the English Freemasons had turned against him. Lorenza persuaded him to return to Italy.

Against his better judgment and the warning given him by the Count de Saint Germain and Casanova, he crossed the Continent, and after stopping in various cities on his way, finally arrived in Rome. Like so many other Seers, who although able to warn others of disaster, he was not apparently able to avert the fatality of the closing days of his own career.

Perhaps it may have been that Fate proved too strong for him; that the combination of his birth and name numbers—making the total of sixteen—which he has demonstrated in the case of Louis XVI by the Cabalistic arcane producing the symbol of " a Tower struck by lightning from which a man appeared falling with a crown toppling from his head " had to be fulfilled in his case as it had been even with a King.

It may have been brought on by pride—that greatest weakness of all great men—that tempted him to defy the power of the Church of Rome. It may also have been that out of his passionate love for the still beautiful Lorenza, he could not refuse her smallest request.

How little one can know of the inner workings of such a man's mind.

From whatever reason it may have been, in May of 1789 he committed the unpardonable imprudence of arriving in Rome.

After nearly eighteen months' wandering across the Continent and attempting to establish several Lodges of the Egyptian Rite without meeting with success, he had dissipated his remaining money so that on reaching Rome circumstances obliged him to accept an offer made by a Masonic Lodge called " Les Vrais Amis " (the True Friends).

At a dinner of this lodge he explained the superior wisdom of Egyptian and Oriental Masonry in the hope of obtaining converts.

This was a dangerous proceeding on account of the edicts issued against all meetings of Freemasons in Rome by Clement XII and Benedict XIV. The reigning Pope, Pius VI, was equally hostile to all secret societies.

At the end of the dinner he was somewhat encouraged by two members of the Lodge of "les Vrais Amis" offering to join his Egyptian Rite.

Imprudently, but pushed on by the bad financial conditions in which he was placed, he initiated the two candidates, passing them through the first three grades in one operation, and hastened home to tell Lorenza the good news, and paint for her a glowing picture of his returning power and wealth.

"Lorenza, my own," he said, as he took her in his arms, "your vanished pearls and jewels will soon be restored; you will reign again as a queen above all other women."

But Lorenza would not allow herself to be fed on dreams. With that clairvoyant vision that had so often been used in Cagliostro's plans, she shuddered with horror at the approaching fatality she felt drawing so close.

Holding his face in her hands close to her own, "Acharat," she sobbed, using the old name she knew so well in their happier days, "I feel in my heart those new converts were set as a trap; they are spies, Acharat, spies from the Holy Office. I see at this very moment you are being denounced. For God's sake destroy all your papers, especially the secret manuscript of the Egyptian Rite. There is no time to be lost."

With a long embrace, he tore himself from her arms. It was the last kiss he was ever to have. Staggering to a desk at the end of the room he threw it open. Too late! Footsteps were already on the stairs, murmuring voices already at the door.

Like a lion at bay, Cagliostro, with Lorenza clinging to him, turned to face the danger.

Four men robed in black with cowls drawn over their faces entered, advancing with the white wands of the Holy Office pointed toward their victim; they tore the weeping woman from his arms, and forced him to the door.

Once more the "lion" made a stand. Shaking himself free for a moment from his captors, with outstretched hands he implored to be allowed to say good-bye to the woman he had loved so long.

With a sneer a hard voice answered, "You will meet again before the Inquisition."

They never met again. That night she was taken to the Convent of Santa Apollonia, he to the fortress of Saint Ange.

What passed behind the closed doors of the Inquisition no one knows. It is said that under the horrors of torture Cagliostro confessed to being born Guiseppe Balsamo. His trial dragged on for fifteen months.

His one continuous supplication to be allowed to see Lorenza for even a brief moment was never granted.

At last sentence was pronounced on 21st March, 1791, as follows:

"Guiseppe Balsamo, so-called Count Cagliostro, accused and convicted of many crimes, and of having defied the censures and penalties pronounced against heretics, dogmatics, masters and disciples of magic and superstition, has been found guilty and condemned to the penalties decreed by the Apostolic laws of Clement XII and Benedict XIV, against those who in any way whatsoever support or form gatherings and societies of Freemasonry.

"Notwithstanding, by special grace and favour, the sentence of death which this crime entails, is hereby commuted to imprisonment for life in a fortress where the prisoner shall be closely confined without hope of pardon.

"In addition, the manuscript entitled 'Egyptian Masonry' is hereby condemned as containing rites, doctrines and a system superstitious, heretical and blasphemous. This book is ordered to be burned by the executioner, together with any other documents relating to this secret society."

On 16th April, 1791, the prisoner, heavily guarded by troops, was, after a five days' journey through the rugged mountains of the Apennines, finally placed in the dungeons of the Castle of San Leo, near Montefeltro. This castle was on the edge of a deep precipice, his cell cut out of the living rock had only one heavily barred window looking upward to the sky. The prisoner's only relation with any other human being was when his jailer raised the bars to lower some food to him twice a day.

By the aid of pieces of wood that at times he tore from his couch, he traced rough designs on the walls of his cell; the last of these bears the date of 6th March, 1795. *How or when he died is not known.*

History tells us that when the French troops invaded the Papal States in 1797 the Castle of San Leo was stormed and taken by them and the soldiers demanded if Cagliostro was still alive. It is probable that they regarded him as one of the authors of the revolution; they had not forgotten his remarkable prediction carved on the walls of his cell in the Bastille long before the revolution. "Peace, people of

France. On the 14th of July, 1789, this Bastille will be destroyed by you and grass will grow where it now stands."

They also had not forgotten his famous letter to the French people written during his exile in England.

It is probable that these soldiers of the new Republic of France wanted to bring Cagliostro back in triumph.

Whatever their plan was, it came too late. They were briefly informed by officers of the Inquisition that the man they sought had died in prison ; his supposed skull was handed to them—the soldiers filled it with wine and drank a toast to the Revolution.

There are many persons who believe that the story told to the French soldiers was false and that Caglistro did not die in the prison of San Leo ; they say that after many years of suffering he threw himself into a trance, feigned death, that his body was carried down the mountain side and thrown into the Tiber. This rumour relates that he swam to the other side and lived for many years under an assumed name as a broken-down old man practising medicine among the poor in various cities on the Continent.

A story came to my own ears when I was living in Rome that may be equally true as any of the others. I give it here for what it is worth.

It runs to the effect that after three years of solitary confinement in his dungeon, broken-hearted without getting any news of Lorenza, he put into execution a daring plan of escape.

It is on record that a monk-confessor was allowed to visit him once a month to urge his repentance and bring him back into the Church of Rome.

One day, to the astonishment of the monk, he found Cagliostro apparently broken in spirit and ready to beg for absolution. The monk hardly believing such a thing possible, asked Cagliostro : " How he could be sure of his change of heart ? "

Cagliostro, with tears streaming from his eyes, ordered the monk to undo his rope girdle from his waist and flay him with it till the blood came.

The monk, a powerfully built man, was only too willing to act as he was told, and in order to do his work better, threw off his monk's robe and flung it on the floor.

At the first blow across his back, Cagliostro turned like a tiger who had tasted blood; taking the confessor off his guard, he forced him to the wooden couch, twisted the girdle round his throat and strangled him till he was dead.

The rest was easy. Wrapping himself in the monk's robe, girding his waist with the rope and hanging the crucifix on his breast, he knocked for the jailer—as the door opened he walked out into the night.

Knowing that his beloved Lorenza had been sent to the Convent of Saint Apollonia for life, he made his way there in the coming dawn.

Tremblingly he pulled the convent bell—a nun's face appeared at the iron grille.

" Holy father," she asked, " what is it you want at this hour of the morning ? "

" I have a message for Lorenza Feliciani, and must see her at once."

The iron grille closed with a rasp as the nun replied : " Lorenza Feliciani is dead."

Some hours later the body of a lifeless monk was found lying at the convent door.

CHAPTER V

DOCTOR DEE: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FAVOURITE SEER AND ASTROLOGER

The Life of Doctor Dee, the Mortlake Philosopher, a most fascinating study. Queen Elizabeth referred to him in state policy and for advice in her numerous love affairs. He lived under five Sovereigns at home and was respectfully consulted by Princes and Kings upon the Continent. He died in starvation at the age of eighty years. With him was associated the mysterious Edward Kelly, his adept.

DOCTOR JOHN DEE has been much misunderstood and even slandered by posterity. For half a century of his career as an Occultist, Astrologer and Palmist, he enjoyed the favour of Queen Elizabeth.

When his Queen died, with the accession of King James I upon the throne, there came a revulsion of feeling against Astrology and Occultism. Doctor Dee was driven abroad. Of his later career upon the Continent a melancholy record could be compiled. Finally, in 1608, he returned to his old home at Mortlake, Surrey, to die. He passed out practically in circumstances of starvation.

That Doctor Dee was cruelly misunderstood I have no doubt. His transcendent gifts were beyond his times; his contacts with psychic phenomena can now perhaps be better understood. Always dreamy and kindly, the mundane affairs of life passed him by. His whole life may be said to have been a tragedy of genteel poverty.

John Dee sprang from a Welsh family long rooted in the county of Radnorshire. His father, Rowland, held an appointment in the Court of Henry VIII, so he was able to give his son John a good education. After being at Chelmsford Grammar School, he was sent at the age of fifteen to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he became a devoted and successful student.

But although proficient in the dead languages and general learning, it was quickly apparent that the bent of John Dee's mind was towards a study of Occultism and Astrology.

In May, 1547, he took his first journey abroad, conferring with the learned men of the Dutch Universities. They were all struck with the sapience and good sense of the young collegian. Among famous philosophers he was brought into contact with, and which greatly influenced his expanding mind, were Gerard Mercartor, Gemma Frissius, and the Orientalist, Antonius Gogava.

A little later he entered as a student of the famous University of Louvain. Here he abode two years, and obtained a reputation quite in advance of his age. He graduated with a degree, and henceforth he was to be known by the title of Doctor Dee.

At Brussels assembled the brilliant Court of Charles V. Here came mathematicians, doctors, alchemists, and other wise men, all anxious to put to the test this English prodigy. Among the Englishmen were Sir William Pickering, who " humbly placed himself as a pupil beneath the care of Dr. Dee to study astronomy by the light of Mercator's globes, the astrolabe, and the astronomer's ring of brass invented by Frisius."

He was but twenty-three years of age when he arrived in a Paris already agog to see him experiment and hear his discourses. Very quickly " for the honour of his country and the glory of the sciences," he was asked to lecture on Occultism. His audience consisted of critical scholars and men of refinement and education. So great was the throng that some climbed up at the windows and were content if they could see Dr. Dee's face even though they could not catch his words. At these discourses he gave practical experiments. His fame was firmly established, but in spite of glory, honour and riches offered to him on every side, his thoughts turned again to his native land.

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Upon the Throne of England at this time sat the Royal boy, Edward VI, a prodigy of learning and steeped in the fanaticism of ultra-Protestantism. Through the good offices of Sir John Cheke, the King's tutor, Doctor Dee was introduced to the youthful monarch. He had already dedicated two manuscripts to the "Royal Solomon," and as a reward was given an annual pension of one hundred crowns.

This allowance, with his characteristic disregard for his own interests, Dr. Dee immediately exchanged for the rectorial living of Upton-upon-Severn in Worcestershire. He himself was not in Holy orders, and he found it necessary to place a minister in the living, which ate up his allowance and more.

Dee was now an accredited magician and adept in the predicatory art. Upon the death of the youthful King, he was called to Court to calculate the nativity of Mary, the young Queen. It was at this auspicious time he first opened a correspondence with her sister, the

Princess Elizabeth—an act destined to bear much fruit.

But the gloomy religious persecution of the Protestants that now rose to its zenith cast also its shade over the career of Dr. Dee. So disturbed were the times that all sorts of accusations were made by informers, and on the wildest charges individuals were committed to prison.

A man named George Ferrys alleged one of his children had been struck blind, and another wasted to death by Dee's "magic." Further, the informant declared the magician was directing his enchantments against the Queen herself. Dr. Dee's house was surrounded by soldiers, he himself arrested, and his rooms sealed up. He was examined before the Secretary of State upon eighteen articles of accusation, but was unanimously acquitted.

Having escaped this peril, a more sinister one awaited him. A charge of dealing with various spirits and employing wizardry followed. He was arraigned before the formidable Bishop Bonner; but such was his subtlety and skill in answering the interrogation that he escaped from the snare.

It was now that Dee devoted himself wholeheartedly to astrology and the occult arts. In the sixteenth century the belief in the controlling power of the stars over the Destiny of Mankind was universal. As one of the foremost mathematicians of his day, the magician was easily in the front rank of men who professed a knowledge of occultism. There opened up for him a path that seemed spangled with human glory and high distinction.

In 1558 Queen Mary died, and her sister Elizabeth commenced her long and glorious reign. She remembered with interest and affection "my good and learned Dr. Dee," and he was quickly called upon to divine an auspicious day for the Coronation of "the Virgin Queen." He selected the 14th January, 1559, and in every way the ceremony passed off well.

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It was expressly the wish of the Queen that Dr. Dee should appear continuously at her Court. Gone was the gloom of the late reign, when the fires of Smithfield proved a constant reminder of intolerance in religion. The bravest, wisest and most beautiful flocked around the new Queen, and there dawned a new era of animated Court life.

The Doctor was introduced to the Court at Greenwich by the Queen's favourite, the Earl of Dudley. Referring to the late King's generosity to the magician, Elizabeth said, as Dr. Dee bowed before her: "Where my brother hath given you a crown, I will bestow a noble"—the first of a long series of vague promises that were destined to embitter the life of the famous Court astrologer.

The reversion of the mastership of St. Catherine's Hospital was promised him, but he never received it.

And now there occurred an event which flung the whole Court into a flutter, and convulsed the nation with excitement. Incidentally it made the lustre of Dr. Dee's fame shine the brighter.

A wayfarer one early morning, passing across Lincoln's Inn Fields, found a waxen image of the Queen with a great pin thrust through the breast. In those days there was a profound belief in sympathetic magic, or the power to kill by an incantation pronounced over an effigy. The man tremblingly brought the image to the Privy Council, and consternation prevailed.

There was but one man could grapple with the situation. Doctor Dee! He must be summoned immediately, was the opinion of the Council, and messengers were despatched urging him to come at once.

He gravely examined the effigy, listened to a recital of the circumstances of its finding, and then sought the Queen. Her Majesty had departed post haste from the Tower to Richmond, "awaiting the coming of good Doctor Dee that he might ease her mind."

The magician found the Queen in that part of her private garden that sloped down to the then silvery Thames. Dudley, now Earl of Leicester, was in attendance, gorgeously apparelled, and bearing himself with studied importance.

Surrounded by a company of courtiers, Doctor Dee expounded to Her Majesty that she need have no dread; that he had nullified the evil by a charm uttered under auspicious circumstances; and to make doubly sure he had brought her a small amulet which he besought her to wear. Her Majesty graciously consented, and it quickly spread throughout the country that the good Doctor had saved the Queen from an evil spell of wasting death.

But though the Queen was gracious in promises, again nothing tangible came of it. He was promised the rich Deanery of Gloucester; but he did not get it, probably because the Church party were beginning to look askance at his cleverness and contact with strange forces. He was mentioned as Provost of Eton, and the Queen answered his prayer with "much favour"; but once more he was doomed to disappointment. Again, he was vaguely promised the Mastership of Saint Cross at Winchester, but this also faded into nothingness.

Dee had now taken up his abode in an old rambling house at Mortlake, on the banks of the Thames. Here he first lived with his mother, building for himself in the garden a laboratory, probably the only one of its kind in England at that age. To this abode would come favoured courtiers to watch him delving after the Great Secret (the transmutation of base metal into gold); Court beauties anxious for a love potion or a beauty philtre; and various learned travellers to discourse on the heavenly bodies and their influence upon the destinies of mankind.

The house of Dee has now disappeared. Up to 1860 it was used as a girls' school. Dee's Walk and Dee's Arbour have, however, perpetuated his memory.

That he was high in the estimation of the Queen was evidenced by the many visits she paid him at Mortlake. He fell very ill in 1571, and the Queen despatched two of her physicians to see him. Lady Sidney was also sent down to "comfort the sufferer with many pithy sayings from Her Majesty, together with divers delicacies from the Royal table."

About this time a curious idea occurred to

Dee, doubtless with the object of warding off his poverty and getting money for the daring experiments he had in mind.

On 3rd October, 1574, he sent to Lord Burleigh a letter "of four and a half folio pages, so fairly writ there could be no excuse for skipping." In this document he drew attention to the fact that there was much secret treasure hid in various parts of the Queen's domain; for in those days when banks were unknown many people buried their treasure when there was an alarm of war. Dee pointed out that such treasure-trove mainly belonged to the Queen. He asked that he might be allowed to find treasure-trove by magical means, keeping half for himself and rendering half to Her Majesty.

Nothing for the time being came of his request, though it is now known that privately the Queen told Burleigh to use more diligence in seeking for treasure-trove. That this must have been enormous cannot be doubted, for many Monasteries had buried rich gold and silver treasures, and other persons who had suffered in the Marian persecution.

A fresh preoccupation now came upon Dee. He decided to marry, but knowing the Queen's foibles on this subject, took care to inform her of his intentions, and asked her gracious permission. In return Her Majesty gave "a kind letter of credit for my marriage," and the bride was brought down to the rambling old house at Mortlake to commence a very brief matrimonial experience.

The Queen had a fondness for riding out in Richmond Park with her favourite courtier, and with a bevy of ladies. She would sometimes stop at the house of the astrologer. On an afternoon of March, 1576, she thus unexpectedly arrived—an inauspicious moment, as young Mrs. Dee had died but an hour before.

Her Majesty brushed aside the sad event with some haste, and commanded Dee to bring out his famous telescope, and explain its properties. She summoned Leicester to her side and the twain, with much laughter, examined the church clock and other distant objects. But of the young wife lying dead, nothing, it appears, was said.

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That October, in the same year, the whole Court and country was much disturbed and terrified by the appearance of a great comet that flamed nightly in the heavens. It was this fiery body that Tycho Brahe, the Swedish astronomer, had predicted would coincide with the appearance in the North of Europe of a

Prince who would lay waste all Germany and disappear from the scene in 1632. It was an extremely accurate prediction for Prince Gustavus Adolphus entangled Europe in a Thirty Years' War, and died in 1632.

The blazing star seemed to hang menacingly over London. The Queen was vexed and apprehensive, and nothing would do but Dee must be summoned. He came to the Tower by boat from Mortlake, and expounded to Her Majesty and courtiers divers reasons why there was no need for alarm. The Queen was pacified, and the magician used the opportunity to urge his suit for some concrete mark of Royal favour. For in truth Dr. Dee was much at the beck and call of his Royal mistress, who, while profuse in promises, had really done but little for her " humble servant."

The time now came again when his thoughts turned to matrimony. He married Jane Fromond, of East Cheam, Surrey. Jane had been a lady-in-waiting to Lady Howard of Effingham, wife of that famous Lord High Admiral who commanded the Fleet that met and scattered the " invincible " Armada. Lady Howard extended much patronage to Dee after the marriage, and took a warm interest in the somewhat tangled affairs of the husband of " my sweet Jane."

But now Dr. Dee grew in importance, taking upon himself the prestige of a super-physician. For about this time the Queen fell into an ailing condition, suffering cruelly with rheumatism and toothache. One morning Dr. Bayley, the Queen's most favoured medical adviser, came posting to Mortlake with the news that the Queen's Grace desired Dr. Dee to wait upon her and give her alchemic advice. He hurried to Hampton Court and found the Queen in a paroxysm of anguish, with Leicester and Walsingham standing helplessly by. Dee brought her immediate relief, and the Queen commanded he should go abroad to consult various famous Continental physicians upon her condition. He travelled to Hamburg, Berlin and Frankfort-upon-Odor, returning in some twenty days. After this the Queen rapidly recovered.

It was now that Elizabeth began to secretly consult her favoured magician on the delicate subject of matrimony.

The brother of the King of France, the Duc d'Alençon, had already sent an ambassador to plead his suit, and on 16th August, 1580, this advance pleader was in London. Dee was hurriedly called in for a consultation, and he pronounced favourably. But the deformed and ugly little Prince made no headway with the

Queen, and soon a fresh distraction held the field.

On 17th September, without warning, the Queen came riding down from Richmond in her coach. Dee was called to the door of the carriage, and Her Majesty pulled off her glove that he might read her hand. She willed him to resort oftener to the Court, and spoke many gracious words. At this time the Queen was in the plenitude of her imposing beauty. Her dress glistened with thousands of small pearls; her fingers and wrists sparkled with diamonds, while her neck was encircled with the famous ruff stiff with gold lace and precious stones. In the sunshine her wonderful auburn hair must have shone like fire.

In the midst of the gay throng of courtiers, Dr. Dee would have presented no mean appearance. He was tall and shapely; his black pointed beard contrasted with his pale and thoughtful countenance and brilliant eyes. He usually wore a long black velvet cloak, and carried an ebony staff.

Soon after this, Dee's mother died, and the Queen instantly came down to Mortlake, and "taking me by the hand did condole with me in my great affliction." After the Royal cortège had departed a haunch of Royal venison appeared, and, what was doubtless more acceptable, a purse of gold.

The astrologer was at this period in the highest favour with his Queen. She regarded him as her guide in all matters of mystery. In health disturbances, affairs of the heart, strange national occurrences and other matters, she invariably summoned "good Doctor Dee" from Mortlake. True, no very practical help had come from the Royal patronage, and the Doctor was rapidly sinking into debt.

And then, without warning, he became engrossed upon a new pursuit while at the same time a new disciple entered his life. Henceforth Edward Kelley and the search for spirits proved to be the grand engrossment of the Doctor's life—a pursuit destined to bring many strange adventures and to finally end only with the grave.

CHAPTER VI

DOCTOR DEE AND HIS "FAMILIAR SPIRIT"—EDWARD KELLEY

There now comes into the life of Doctor Dee a mysterious individual destined to have a profound effect upon his career. This man, Edward Kelley, professed to have communion with departed spirits, and under his influence Doctor Dee began to himself search for the grand mystery—the rending of the veil that hides the beyond. But the end of the association was dark and unsatisfactory.

DEPRESSED by the many disappointments he had in Queen Elizabeth's promises of assistance, Doctor Dee became restless and dissatisfied. He longed for some great revelation—what, perhaps he could hardly explain himself. His search for the Philosopher's Stone went on, and he still engrossed himself in many scientific affairs, in which he was far ahead of all other students of science in that age.

It was during this period of perplexity there came into his life a man destined to have a tremendous effect upon his career.

A Mr. Clarkson came to Mortlake one day, bringing with him a "dear friend." He was introduced under the name of "Mr. Talbot," but, as events proved, this was but an assumed designation.

It was not long before the new-found friend was closely united in common interests with the Magician of Mortlake. He said confidently that he had communion with departed spirits and could call them up at will. Dee was much struck with this statement, for he himself had for some time been toying with the idea of using a "medium" to converse with the dead.

Thus there soon took place at Mortlake the first "mirror-gazing" séance.

The results appeared to be marvellous. Information was given that they should jointly have knowledge of the angels, the design of God, providing their mind and will joined as one.

Next, Ariel, the Spirit of Light, appeared, while later the Archangel Michael came and gave Doctor Dee a ring with a seal. Dee was overjoyed at this manifestation and, following instructions from Ariel, a "table of practice" was made. This curious piece of workmanship and a crystal globe are all preserved in the British Museum, having been brought from the library of Sir Thomas Cotton.

One may picture the curious scene in the low, dark apartment at Mortlake that looked out upon the river. Dee asks the questions, sitting at his desk and noting down the answers; while "Mr. Talbot," thrown into a trance by gazing into "the mirror," described the various spirits for Dee to interrogate.

These daily communions with the visitants from "the Beyond" went forward with great zeal and were already being whispered about in the neighbourhood. But who was this "Mr. Talbot" who now began to entirely dominate Dr. Dee and his household?

"Talbot" was a feigned name he used for the best of reasons. His real name was Edward Kelley, but in those troublesome days if a man pretended to any dealings with the supernatural it was well for him to have an assumed *alias*.

This Kelley was a Worcester City man who had commenced his career as an apothecary's assistant. He showed skill in this calling and, with money he had saved, went to Oxford. But he left the great College rather hastily, and very much under a cloud, which was never fully explained.

He departed to Lancaster, and joining himself with two desperate characters, was arrested and charged with being implicated in a plot for passing base money. For this offence he stood in the pillory.

Leaving Lancaster, he arrived at Birmingham, then practically a village, and was soon mixed up in a particularly unsavoury affair. He was accused of digging up a corpse from the churchyard. His defence, that he wished to see if he could communicate with the dead, seemed to aggravate his crime, and he narrowly escaped being tried for wizardry as well.

After a sentence of imprisonment, he wandered into Wales, where he went from one village to another giving counsel and advice, and saying he could commune with the dead.

While travelling in Wales he made an accidental discovery of some alchemical manuscript and two phials of mysterious powder. According to him, this powder was nothing more or less than the long-sought-for substance that could change base metal into gold, but, being poor and unknown, he could get no scientific philosopher to take up and exploit his discovery.

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Kelley had heard, of course, of the famous Doctor Dee, the foremost English scientist and wizard, and his object was doubtless to ingratiate himself with the favourite of Queen Elizabeth. But perhaps, not being sure of his reception if he presented himself at Mortlake, he had first used his feigned name and had diverted suspicion by a pretence that communion with the dead was his sole concern.

Kelley was twenty-seven years old when he became an established member of the Dee household. In due course he confessed the mild deception he had played on his patron, but that was soon forgiven. And then gradually he revealed to the Doctor the story of the manuscript and the phials containing the powders. The Doctor was overjoyed. He felt that at last the Grand Secret would be revealed to him.

Not many days had passed after his settlement, " with Ariel approving," before he also introduced his young wife. This was a blow to Mrs. Dee, who was annoyed at seeing the privacy of the household thus disturbed ; but she had to put up with it, and in due course became reconciled to the idea. Yet, with a woman's intuition, she disliked Edward Kelley and told her husband that no good would come of the connection. And she was right, as events proved later.

As the days passed, the house at Mortlake was peopled with unearthly forms called up by Edward Kelley, while Dr. Dee gravely noted down all they said. The grand hope of the magician was that perfect wisdom might be vouchsafed to him ; at times it seemed about to be fulfilled, for St. Michael appeared and said : " Wilt thou have perfect wisdom ? " And upon humbly replying in the affirmative, Michael pointed out that the government of all

Kings and Princes was in his hand, that he prevailed in counsel and in gain and trade, and all riches, concluding: "These shall all be thine if thy faith fail not."

Now, more than ever, Dee was puzzling over the papers Edward Kelley had brought with him. He came to the conclusion, finally, that they did not conceal the Great Secret of transmutation, but referred to ten places in England where vast treasures had been concealed in the earth by monks during the inquisition directed by Henry VIII.

But unfortunately a rift appeared between Dee and Kelley. The latter was hot and uncontrollable in temper; he was also avaricious. He was dissatisfied with the pecuniary reward that was coming into the household, for such had been Dee's engrossment with the calling of the spirits that he had neglected his sale of beauty potions and love enchantments that were the stock-in-trade of all ancient "Wise Men." Kelley declared Mortlake was but a prison; that he must be up and away into the open country, where he could earn much gold: he was wasting his time.

Dr. Dee replied, temperately, that he should wait God's own time. As to the pecuniary position, did not he (Dr. Dee) owe three hundred pounds and knew not where it was coming from? But, "Though I lose all, Edward Kelley, and have to beg my bread while wrapped in a blanket, yet will I not give up my search after the Mysteries."

It was at this time Dr. Dee had a remarkable clairvoyant vision, which he recorded in his diary, concerning the Queen of Scots. "I saw a beautiful woman having her head cut off by a tall man"; and further, "I saw the sea covered with many ships ready to make war against England." With regard to the first vision, he made a prediction that Mary Queen of Scots would be executed, and this occurred two years later, while he told Queen Elizabeth to beware of a naval invasion from Spain.

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Dr. Dee maintained a somewhat expensive household, and had many entertainments provided for friends and the patrons who came from a distance to see him. He was constantly in debt, and the vague promises of his Royal patron grew no more substantial as the months rolled along. But suddenly a bright gleam of hope gilded his path.

His quarrel with Kelley had been patched up. One evening the twain were sitting—the one at "the mirror" and the other noting down what was going on—when "a merrie little spirit, skipping very lively about the room, and being clad in red and blue with a cap like a fool's," brought tidings of great joy. A great Count was soon to help them in their researches; money would be as plentiful as buttercups in the Thames-side fields; all that was needed was faith.

Three weeks later, on 18th March, 1583, a Mr. North came to Mortlake bringing a letter sealed with many huge crests in red. It was from The High and Powerful Laski, Count Palantine of Siradia, Poland, who was coming to London to bring presents to Queen Elizabeth. He had made a study of magic and wished to consult the sage of Mortlake.

The Count Palantine of Siradia was a candidate for the crown of Old Poland that had been worn for a few months by the Duc d'Alençon, the suitor of Elizabeth. There was not in Europe a more dashing adventurer than he, while at the same time his ruling passion was magic.

During his stay in London he was lodged at Winchester House, Southwark, and was right royally entertained. Dr. Dee was introduced to the Prince in the apartments of the Earl of Leicester, while the Court was at Greenwich. On seeing the Doctor, Prince Laski bowed low three times, saying: "You are the only man I would stoop my crest to."

Five days later the Prince came to Mortlake with but three men in his train, arriving in the afternoon. He was courteous and merry, asking that he might be bid to an English supper. Cold meats and sausages were put before him, which he consumed with much gusto. With him were Sir Philip Sidney and Lord Russell, with a detachment of the Queen's trumpeters in the Royal barge.

A few days afterwards the Prince sent word that he and his suite would come to dinner the following day. This meant a ceremonial visit, and the good Doctor was much perturbed, as these visits were a great tax on his burdened resources.

While he was ruefully wondering how "ye feaste should be worthy of his greatness," a messenger came from Sion House from the Queen bearing forty angels of gold (about twenty pounds), the magician's need having been explained most ardently to the Queen by the favoured Leicester.

The Prince desired that Dr. Dee should gaze into "the mirror" that he might know his future fortune. Laski's guardian spirit, who had appeared through the mediumship of Kelley, an angel named Jubandalee, announced that everything was propitious for the Prince and that he should be helped miraculously. A private tip was added that the Prince should beware of the wily Minister, Cecil, but that "the Queen loveth Laski with all her heart."

And now the good fortune promised by the spirits seemed likely to materialize. First, the Queen, attended by her train in many Royal barges, came down from the Tower to Mortlake. Disembarking, she called loudly for "my deare and righte honest Wise Man, Master Dee," and would not be at ease until the magician appeared. After this there was song and music, the courtiers vying with each other, while Her Majesty gave a short love trill on a French flute.

Next day, Leicester called with letters from the Queen expressing approbation of the Doctor's advice he had given concerning her rheumatism, and sending a much-welcomed gift of money.

Following this came Prince Laski with an overpowering suggestion.

Nothing would satisfy him, he said, but that the Doctor and his household should return with him to the Continent. Perhaps he had visions of his wise friend discovering the Great Secret; for he said he would build him the finest laboratory that money could procure and all instruments that were needful. Kelley was to go as well; for the Prince had been much impressed by the facility with which this medium called various spirits at his bidding.

Doctor Dee disposed of his house at Mortlake, but with his usual unbusinesslike carelessness he appointed no receiver for the rents of his two livings, which when he returned six years later were owing.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of a fine Saturday, 21st September, 1583, he met the Prince, and the pair took barge for London. From thence they descended the river by wherry to Greenwich. At Gravesend the rest of the Mortlake household were waiting, having started earlier. Two vessels had been chartered for this memorable exodus.

After an adventurous voyage they landed at Brill, and travelled forward on barges down the sluggish canals of Holland. Passing through Tergowd and Haarlem to Amsterdam, the party disembarked " to stretch their cramped limbs."

By way of Enkjuisen they sailed up the Zuyder Zee to Harlingen. There they took to the canals again, being conveyed in small scuts to Leewarden, Doklum, and on to West Friesland. After a short delay, they sailed up the Western Ems to Embden and then on to Bremen, where they disembarked.

After a week's rest the party travelled by Osterholtz to Harburg on the left bank of the Elbe. Finally they reached Lübeck.

They had not been long at this place before Dee had a clairvoyant vision showing him his house had been broken into by a mob, furniture burned, and his instruments destroyed. Months later a letter from his brother-in-law confirmed this dire intelligence. Superstitious fear had run riot.

After a delay of some weeks the party pushed on again, eventually reaching Lask, the Prince's own domain. They were lodged in the house of the Lord Provost and surrounded with luxury.

Alas, it soon became apparent that the Prince, however well disposed his heart, had no money to waste on mysteries. He was deeply in debt; his estates were mortgaged; and he spent large sums of money in building a castle that was incomplete. Realizing that nothing could be done for the present in Lask, Doctor Dee determined to push forward to the ancient city of Cracow, the Polish capital, then at the height of its fame and prosperity.

He found a house in Saint Stephen's Street, and as soon as it was known the great English Mystic was in the city he had many curious and thoughtful callers. Soon, too, the Prince Laski came with many flattering promises. He had to go to the Emperor of Austria, Rudolph II, and he wished Dee to accompany him.

Eventually the party arrived in Prague, where Dee and his company were lodged in the house of Doctor Hageck, in the Alstadt. At this time Prague was the great haunt of alchemists and students of occultism, and even the melancholy Emperor relieved cares of state by poring over old parchments and documents dealing with alchemy.

In due course Doctor Dee stood before the Emperor, who desired he should recount his life story, which the Magician did at great length. He then branched off into an account of his visions, but was alarmed by seeing the Emperor falling off into a doze. On ceasing to speak the Emperor opened his eyes and said what he had heard was marvellous and interesting, and he would see the Doctor again.

Through an intermediary, Dee now informed the Emperor cautiously of his powers, providing he had money, to make the Philosopher's Stone. There was no reply. He then sent a florid letter offering to show the Emperor his magic crystal. Neither was there any reply to this; and to make matters worse Edward Kelley became mutinous and declared the Continental journey was all a mistake and never ought to have been undertaken. Dr. Dee was sorely tried.

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There came a point when, sorrowfully enough so far as the Doctor was concerned, the partnership must be broken.

Kelley had filled the ears of the Emperor Rudolf with stories that he could make gold, and was often closely shut up with the Emperor in a laboratory constructed in Prague. But Doctor Dee, more simple and far more honest, repudiated this, although he still hoped that the spirit Ariel would grant him the knowledge.

Kelley, now acting entirely on his own, had written to Lord Walsingham in England, hinting that the Great Secret had been discovered. Walsingham wrote back cautiously enough asking for a specimen, but Kelley was too artful to respond to the pressing invitation to return to England to show his alleged skill. He sent long epistles, but none of the gold Walsingham craved for.

While these negotiations were going on, Kelley was suddenly arrested by the orders of the Emperor who had listened to a rumour that the alchemist was a poisoner, and had designs on his life. Finally endeavouring to escape from prison, he fell and sustained injuries from which he died. Thus ended the varied career of this cunning charlatan who played upon the sincerity of Dee with consummate effect.

After a tempestuous journey Dee and his family arrived again in England, and on

Christmas Day he first slept again in his own house. It was in a ruinous condition; most of the furniture had been destroyed; and worse, his instruments had been broken. Fortunately he found friends who assisted him.

At last in his despair, the Mystic prepared a petition to the Queen setting forth his miserably impoverished condition. In reply two commissioners were appointed to visit him at Mortlake to report upon the facts. In due course he received help from various sources, and this to some extent mitigated his miserable condition.

Further, he received the appointment of Warden of Manchester College, and took up his abode there. He carried out his duties with energy, and was universally beloved. He was now able to bring about the classification of his wonderful library, probably the best in England, and roughly valued at some two thousand pounds. People came from all parts of England to borrow books and, as he laments, "many I ne'er saw again."

For Doctor Dee, deeply versed as he was with occult science, it was a grievous blow when Elizabeth was succeeded by James I. From this Monarch he could expect nothing but censure, and so events turned out. The King conducted a campaign against witches, wizards and all "who traffick with the devil," and a stringent act against those who practised astrology, palmistry or witchcraft was passed through Parliament, which is still in force.

Right down to the end, the "Dreamer" had hopes of some golden stroke of fortune. The day before he died he said the "spirits" had told him there was a sum of money coming to him from the Emperor Rudolf. The following day he sank into insensibility, his last words being: "Into Thy hands . . ." proving conclusively that he still maintained his passionate faith in the Christian religion.

He was buried in the churchyard of Old Mortlake Church, Surrey, with scarce enough money to give him a decent funeral. But his reputation as a student of deep occult mysteries grows brighter each year as the clouds of misconception roll away.

CHAPTER VII

ELIAS ASHMOLE, THE MYSTIC RECLUSE OF OXFORD

This is the enthralling story of a famous Occultist whose true history has always been obscured by mystery. That he was an adept of the occult art there can be no question. There is a further speculation that has long persisted in the legends clustering around Elias Ashmole. Was he in reality King Charles I saved from the ordeal of the scaffold?

FIRST, the drama as History records it. The 30th of January, 1649, dawned cruelly cold. A low, complaining wind brought a powdering of snow. So icy had been the weather since Christmastide that the Thames was frozen over, and the citizens of London complained sorely of the dearness of wood.

While the bitter cold seemed to freeze up all joyousness, there was, too, in the rulers of the nation, a stern coldness of purpose that centred that January morning upon old Whitehall. There stood the ancient Palace, rearing its Italian front upon the wide, open street. Immediately in front a platform covered with black cloth had been erected. On three sides of the ominous scaffold stood a troop of horsemen. They were Cromwell's Ironsides—silent, immovable, ready to obey their leader even unto this last terrible act, "*the killing of the Lord's Anointed.*"

Behind them, spread out as far as the eye could see, to the village of Charing on one side and the flats of Westminster on the other, were "the People." *For there was to begin such a scene as England had never witnessed before.*

Within the old Palace itself all was warmth and human kindliness in strange contrast to the austere scene without.

The golden rays of lamps of curious workmanship lit up the long corridors and illuminated the royal apartments. Splendid portraits of kings and princes adorned the walls; the heavy chairs bore gold crowns embossed upon the dull scarlet leather. It was a King's Palace. And in a tiny room hastily fitted for a last prayer, Charles I fortified himself for death.

That morning he had walked from old St. James's Palace to Whitehall, bidding the guard in pleasant tones "to step apace, for it is bitter cold." The day previously he had bidden farewell to his younger children—Elizabeth, and Henry the young Duke of Gloucester. He had finished with the world, its turmoils and strife, and now he was to earn his enduring halo: "For nothing so became him in this world as his manner of leaving it."

With him was Bishop Juxon, large, portly and swollen by his gorgeous Episcopal vestments. By his side the King appeared insignificant, except that His Majesty wore a kingly air of dignity. The face seemed waxen, almost unearthly; he had put off all ornaments. He would eat nothing, for he was absolved and blessed.

Time passed slowly. Still the workmen fumbled and worried at the scaffold, while Cromwell, "more set than ever to do the full purpose of my God," muttered and chafed. Heavier fell the snow; the horses and soldiers were powdered white.

Two o'clock was striking from the turret clock of the Palace when some Parliamentary officers came to bid King Charles to the scaffold. He passed down a corridor and across a noble apartment in which he had often banqueted. The middle window had been removed, and through this space the cold wind drove the snow. Outside, the scaffold floor had been built up to the level of the balcony.

It is said that as the King passed out upon the black-draped scaffold, the iron discipline of Cromwell's guards thrilled for one moment. Arms clashed uneasily ; a horse neighed ; while a trooper fell senseless from the saddle. But quickly silence settled, broken only by the low murmur of the prayers uttered by Bishop Juxon.

When the prayers were finished, the King opened his lips. Cromwell half gave the secret signal to the officer in command of the scaffold guard, whom he could see from his hidden vantage, to let the drums roll to drown the voice of the martyr. But he faltered ; no signal was given ; and the King's voice was faintly heard :

" I have desired the Liberty and Freedom of the People as much as any. But a subject and a Sovereign are different things. I die this day for the Church of England." Then, turning to Bishop Juxon, he said impressively : " *Remember !* "

The silence grew heavier. Charles now divested himself of his coat, placed a small silk cap over his greying hair, and kneeling down, stretched out his hands towards the block. At this moment the sinister figure of the executioner, up to then hidden behind the soldiery, approached and dominated the scene.

The head was bowed. The axe uplifted. It fell, and as the royal head was severed a universal groan burst from the silent spectators who up to that instant had seemed frozen by the spectacle of a monarch dying at the hands of his people. No sooner had the act been accomplished than the officer of the guard wheeled round, commands rang out like a trumpet blast, and soon the crowds were dispersing before the prancing steeds. The act was done. Cromwell, wiping his face, summed up the deed: "Let God arise! So shall his enemies be undone."

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Dusk was fast falling that evening upon the ancient and Royal Borough of Windsor when a little cavalcade entered the town. They were cloaked and muffled, partly against the piercing blasts, but also against too close scrutiny. For their mission was a dangerous one.

Upon a hand bier they bore a body—it was the corpse of their King. In the Chapel of St. George, Windsor, in the hastily opened tomb of Henry VIII, they laid the corpse with nothing but a muttered prayer for the fled soul. Cromwell had spoken: "There shall be no funeral, no Papist prayers for the man. Let him be even as Ahab was whose carcass the dogs spurned."

But no sooner had the drama of Whitehall's scaffold been enacted than the King assumed the place of a martyr in the estimation of his people. Handkerchiefs that had been dipped in his blood beneath the spurning hoofs of the troopers, were declared to work miracles; his saintly private life was recalled; his fate was compared to the Crucifixion; his trials and sufferings to those of the Saviour.

It may be that the tender emotions evoked by the extraordinary spectacle of his death; the halo of sanctity that invested his life as a man and a father; and, above all, *the mysterious dying injunction* he gave to Bishop Juxon were accountable for the strange legend we shall now explore.

Dying words are treasured. Much more so the last injunctory admonition of a King. The word passed from lip to lip as the story of Whitehall was related among the people. "*Remember!*" The mourning Cavaliers embroidered it on their vests, and repeated it as a desperate resolve never to forget their King.

But what was Bishop Juxon to "remember"? Was it some last injunction to some dear one? Or a reminder *that the dying man had faithfully carried out a promise?* These and a hundred other suppositions passed among the King's adherents and among the common people who still believed that King Charles was a martyr.

In 1644, five years before this tragedy of Whitehall, Parliament sat at Oxford, or at least that body of Royalist gentlemen who still called themselves " The Commons of England." Captain Sir George Wharton, a staunch member of the King's party, one day brought in a gentleman to the King's presence, having recommended him for a commission in His Majesty's Troop of Guards.

The commission was granted. The new officer bore the name of Elias Ashmole, at that time twenty-six years of age.

He had always been a studious youth, and had been admitted as a solicitor in London. In his house in High Holborn he had lived as a recluse; it was freely whispered that he was an earnest student of astrology and occultism.

His pale face, thin aristocratic features, and peaked beard worn in Royalist style, marked Ashmole as a deep student and thinker. But those who saw him when he first presented himself to the Court at Oxford remarked *on his amazing likeness to the King*.

His advance at Court was rapid. First a captain of a troop of horse, he next became commissioner of ordnance. The following year he was initiated as a Freemason. It should be noted he was the first gentleman or "amateur" to be admitted to the jealously-guarded ranks of the Freemasons, in the Royal Lodge, and through this he acquired great influence and power.

In 1649, two months before the execution of Charles, he married his second wife, Lady Mainwaring, twenty years his senior. The money this marriage brought enabled him to devote the whole of his time to the study of astrology and occultism. His interest in these sciences had largely been stimulated by his friendship with Sir George Wharton, William Lilly, and other antiquarians and students of occultism whom he met in London.

On 8th May, 1660, all England was delirious with delight at the Restoration whereby Charles the fugitive became Charles II. And now that it was possible to breathe the name of "king" without danger of penal punishment, there burst out afresh the mysterious stories and legends that circulated round the death of the Martyr.

"He was *not* dead," it was declared confidently. "During all the dismal years of the Commonwealth he had been alive. When the axe fell on the scaffold of Whitehall *it severed the head of a noble substitute who had indeed* *been faithful unto death.* The substitute, so ran the story, " was Elias Ashmole, whose amazing likeness to the King had often been commented upon." And finally it was urged, the last dying injunction of the substitute, " Remember ! " was to remind Charles and his descendants of his promise to provide for the family of the man who had died in his place.

But if this were true, where was the King who had thus been preserved from destruction ? That question, it was said, could be fully answered. Charles was a recluse. He had renounced the throne in favour of his son ; he had realized he could not again govern his people ; all he asked was a quiet retreat and the pursuit of those absorbing studies which it is known King Charles dabbled in when reigning at Whitehall.

After " The Merrie Monarch," Charles II, sat firmly upon his throne, Oxford was in high court favour. But none in that fair city appeared more to bask in the Royal favour than Elias Ashmole, or, as it was whispered by the few who claimed to hold the Great Secret, *Charles I living as a recluse.*

In an ancient building set aside for his use, " the recluse " devoted himself unremittingly to the study of occultism. He commenced the collection of ancient tomes, gathered from all corners of the world, devoted to astrology and other occult sciences. He corresponded with mystics in Europe, and exchanged with them the fruits of his wisdom. He cast horoscopes, drew charts, and revealed strikingly the powerful wisdom that he had gathered. *To-day the Ashmolean Library of Oxford contains the rare volumes he collected.*

But visible he was not, except to a favoured few who came at stated times to see "the recluse." And yet, though invisible, Court favour continued to be showered upon him. He was made successively Windsor herald, commissioner, controller, accountant-general of excise, and commissioner of the White Office. The salaries of these offices were enormous, and greater still the perquisites. Finally, "the recluse" was offered the coveted office of Garter-King-at-Arms, the highest post in chivalry. This he refused in favour of his son-in-law, Sir William Dugdale.

In 1672 there appeared a choice and rare work entitled: "Laws and Ceremonies of the Order of the Garter." This work remains to-day the great standard volume upon occultism as applied to this most noble order of chivalry. It explains in minute details the meaning of the various stones that form the collars and badges; how they were not selected haphazard, but were designed to exercise an occult influence upon the happy wearers.

But we need not be surprised if occult knowledge gleamed like the gems he describes. For whoever this mysterious recluse was—humble subject or monarch snatched from the scaffold—his knowledge was prodigious. In early youth he had wandered into the wild regions of Persia; he had met Ra Scoth, the Mystic, whose uncanny powers had paled the cheeks of Emperors and Princes. It must not be forgotten that Elias Ashmole first published a treatise on the lines of the hand, this work being found in the Ashmolean Library to-day.

Nor can the fact be overlooked that Ashmole had linked himself with at least one brother of the arts he professed. However much he denied himself to the world—and it is recorded how the stately Duke of Ormond was repulsed from his door—he was knit in a fond fellowship with John Tradescant, another student of the occult arts.

We cannot say much of the famous people who visited Elias Ashmole the Recluse, for the simple reason that he rarely revealed himself, and such visits as there were, were conducted under circumstances of the greatest privacy. Sir Robert Throngmorton, who visited "the recluse" on two occasions, said: "I did visit ye greate alchemist and magician, whose name is known but *who is not mentioned.* There in the catacombs I did see ye marvels of great wonder, and was told of my dolorous end which God forfend. Amen."

From this it is quite clear that Elias Ashmole, or "the recluse" whichever one may call him, was very much a man of mystery. He received, as has been stated, splendid prizes from the Court, yet he did nothing in return; for all his offices were managed by deputies. He knew everybody, and some very highly-placed individuals from the Continent visited him. His fame in occult studies spread all over Europe.

When in due season John Tradescant died, it was found he had bequeathed to his friend his wonderful collection of antiquities, probably without equal in the country. Again mysterious influences seemed to be at work, and money was forthcoming to erect a building for the housing of the collection. This collection is known to-day as the Elias Ashmole Museum, for at the death of "the recluse" it was found he had bequeathed it in trust to the University of Oxford.

The visitor to this Museum must be struck on entering by seeing two portraits close together. One is that of King Charles the First; the other that of Elias Ashmole, founder of the Museum. *The resemblance is uncanny.* A close examination of the lineaments, arrangement of hair and beard, etc., discloses no divergence. Those who believe in the Ashmolean theory—that "the recluse" was in fact King Charles the First—point to these portraits and to the extraordinary fact that Ashmole bore a *royal coat of arms.*

In 1692 "the recluse" was on his death bed. Before this (for he had predicted the day, hour and minute of his demise) he had sent out a summons to some of the most celebrated occultists of the age. Some could not come through infirmity; others, taking staff in hand, set out over mountains and dales, continents and oceans, until they reached the bedside of the expiring mystic.

This "Parliament of Wise Men," as it was called, a veritable congress of the adepts of occultism, were in session for two days. What took place around the bedside of the dying seer we do not know; a record was taken, but Elihu Talmutz, a Jewish magician (and an adept in Kabalistic cyphers) destroyed it in Prague as "containing secrets too dangerous for a mortal man to know."

In his black, haunted house in the ancient city of Prague, this man kindled a fire and with his own hands dropped the parchment record into the flames that glowed on the brazier. As the flames shot upwards, bathing the room in its red light, he uttered the funeral benediction upon Elias Ashmole: "O Enigma, Revered and Beloved! Let thy spirit company with the Great Gods! *Bear thy secret with thee to the Beyond!* Farewell, until my spirit meets with thine!" A few weeks later Elihu Tulmutz was arrested for sorcery and burned at the stake.

CHAPTER VIII

PIERRE LE CLERC, BENEDICTINE MONK AND HIS PREDICTIONS OF NAPOLEON'S DESTINY

In the middle of the French Revolution, in the year 1790, there appeared in Paris a strange and mysterious figure. His name was Pierre le Clerc, by profession a Benedictine monk. But his great passion was a study of the occult arts. His many wonderful predictions, especially those concerning the great Napoleon Bonaparte, were accurately fulfilled.

"THE SCAFFOLD YOU VOTED FOR YOUR KING, AWAITS YOU ALSO!"

THESE ominous words, pronounced in accents in which conviction strove with pity, were pronounced by one of the most interesting and mystifying figures living in Paris during the French Revolution.

Pierre le Clerc, who thus boldly pronounced sentence of death upon the client who had come to have the curtain rolled up from his ultimate Fate, was simply attired in the cassock-robe of a Benedictine. And whether he was at home in his simple apartment on the top floor of an old house in the Rue Puits de l'Ermite, leading out of the stately Faubourg Saint Marceau, or walking with abstracted face through the busy streets, he still garbed himself in the black robe that legally, in those days, meant death.

By this time the Revolution in France had suppressed all religion, and "reason was enthroned." For a priest to be seen in the streets, and doubly so were he bold enough to wear "the garb of superstition," meant the springing up of a howling mob ready to lead the offender to the Committee of Public Safety. And the penalty would certainly be "The Red Widow"—in other words, the guillotine that daily claimed its victims.

Yet Pierre le Clerc seemed to bear a charmed life. He himself, deeply versed in occultism and able to calculate his own destiny, assured those who warned him of danger that he had nothing to fear. "I shall live long enough to serve under an Emperor here in Paris," he would say, and when his hearers gaped with incredulity, would add: "Yes, and see that Emperor for a time dominate Europe."

Certainly in 1793 that seemed a bold prediction. For on January 21st of that year Louis XVI had died on the scaffold; the Revolution appeared firmly planted, and citizenship was declared to be the religion of the people.

But Pierre le Clerc possessed a reputation that set at defiance enactments others were bound by. His reputation in Paris, in the days when the Monarchy was tottering to its disastrous close, had already surrounded him with a halo of mystery. While the magnificent court of Louis XVI and the alluring Marie Antoinette waltzed gaily to the abyss, fortune-tellers, crystal-gazers and " wise men " enjoyed marvellous popularity. It was an age when Cagliostro had dominated the Gay City with his luminous apartments, glorious lily-like " medium," and soft voice that spoke of love and life and fortune and the brooding death.

But of all those who ventured to unveil fate, there was none quite like Pierre le Clerc. For one reason, he courted no luxury nor surrounded himself with the exotic setting of Cagliostro, Phillipi the Greek Mystique, or Yougi the Indian Fakir. He was first and foremost a Benedictine monk. But early in his life he had discovered his overwhelming gift of clairvoyance and had found, too, that his mind was fascinated with occultism and a study of the heavenly planets.

Fortunately for Pierre, his superior, the Abbot of Tours Abbey, had realized the uncommon gift that had been bestowed upon this brother. So, therefore, he had bidden him go forth into the world, charging him that he consecrate his gift. "Use it not for profit," he said, "save as you need money to exist, but beware how you peer into the future." With these words ringing in his ears, Pierre le Clerc had wandered throughout France, a holy *mystique*, conscious of his gift, and using it, so far as possible, for the relief of the troubled and the comforting of the afflicted.

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"The scaffold you voted for your King, awaits you also!"

These death-dealing words fell with overpowering sensation upon the ears of a courtly visitor, who, though he conformed to the plain dress of "a citizen," and wore the tricoloured cockade in his three-cornered hat, could not well disguise his aristocratic breeding.

The keen eye of the occultist has pierced at once through the disguise of his visitor.

"A humble citizen," pleaded the stranger, "asks the opinion of the great Pierre le Clerc upon the Future. Will these terrible days of the Terror pass? Will the Monarchy again return?"

Then, to his secret amazement, the occultist, after consulting the mystic alphabet in which he was an adept, replied:

"Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, head of the Royal House of Orleans, out of the Terror *shall come* *a new Order.* But in that you shall have neither part nor lot." And to this he added that solemn condemnation, destined to be absolutely fulfilled before many months had passed.

His visitor, the Duc d'Orleans, had for the moment purchased the right to live through the sacrifice of convictions. He was execrated by the scattered noble and aristocratic party because he had cast a vote for the execution of Louis XVI. How that had come about few realized, but now Pierre le Clerc, unveiling the past by his mysterious clairvoyant knowledge, said soothingly :

"*I know how thou wast tempted.* Danton the Terrible came into your apartments in the Palais Royale and with flaming eyes cried out : '*Will you live or die?*' "

It was true, and the Duke admitted it. For in order to try and save the remnant of his family, he—the proud aristocrat—had consented to serve the Republic as a Deputy in the National Convention and had stained his white hands with the blood of Louis XVI.

Tormented with many speculations, the Duke had come climbing up the steep stairs to the humble apartment of Pierre le Clerc to know what Fate had in store for him.

The occultist had worked out this fatefu sentence by writing down the names and titles of his distinguished visitor. The words that became evolved from the mystic alphabet *formed the death sentence he had been compelled to pronounce.*

Suddenly an idea, born of pity, passed through the mind of the monk.

" Monseigneur," he cried, " since God has allowed us to meet and for you to hear your fate, He may also allow you to profit by the warning. Why not attempt to escape from France before it is too late ! "

" No," came the fatalistic response. " I will await what is in store for me. Men may take my life, but God alone will judge my soul."

They parted. A few weeks later, by an Order of the Committee of Public Safety, the Duke was arrested. On the 6th November that same year that his King had perished, he ascended the scaffold and amid the hootings of the mob his head rolled into the basket.

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In the July of that same fatal year, when blood was daily shed, there arrived a simple country girl in Paris. Simple, although her soul was aflame with a determination that made her irresistible.

She, too, had heard much of Pierre le Clerc, and she determined to seek his advice. On the 13th of July she climbed the steep stairs and timidly presented herself before this mysterious monk of whom she had heard so many wonderful stories of his predicatory powers.

"Reverend Father," she questioned him in a low voice, "I want you to tell me if a young girl of my acquaintance who is going to-day to meet a very powerful member of the National Convention, will be successful in her interview with him!"

He looked at her with his keen eyes that seemed able to pierce the soul.

"Write the date and what you wish to ask," he said, "one word on each card, mix them up together, and hand them to me when you have finished."

The girl wrote: "Date: The 13th July, 1793. Charlotte Corday d'Armont wishes to kill in Paris with a dagger, Jean Paul Marat, Deputy of the National Convention of the French Republic." Having done this she mixed the cards and handed them to the monk.

Without paying any attention to the girl, Pierre le Clerc spread out the cards in two circles, one within the other. The answer formed by the Mystic Alphabet from the letters ran as follows:

"*A dagger planted in his breast will kill Marat in his bath. The conventional scaffold will be the pedestal upon which a martyr will be crowned.*"

Charlotte glanced hurriedly at the answer and darted from the room. That same evening she arrived at the lodgings of Marat, who was as usual seated in a warm bath to obtain relief from the skin disease from which he suffered.

She was repulsed, but hearing her importunate demands for admission, Marat called out she should be admitted.

Charlotte feigned some charges against the deputies of Caen.

"They shall all be guillotined," he cried, and as he uttered these words she stabbed him in the neck with the knife she had drawn from her bosom.

Thus ended the days of the "Friend of the People." He was given a ceremonial interment in the Pantheon, but later his remains were cast out by the decree of 1795.

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In 1795 the Convention vanished into chaos and the Directory appeared. And, as yet unknown, or merely regarded as a pallid and emaciated soldier of fortune, there was living in a state of semi-starvation in Paris a man upon whom Destiny had cast a favourable eye.

Through jealousy on the part of his superiors, who were already impressed by his gluttony for official detail of military operatious, the young man was out of employment. He, too, had heard many wonderful stories of Pierre le Clerc, and at last he determined to call upon him to learn what the future had in store.

Climbing the stairs, he discovered the monk seated at a table engrossed in some astrological calculations.

Mathematics being a strong point with the young man, he sat down quietly by the monk and watched him working out his figures. Finally the caller jotted down his date of birth and pushed it under the eyes of Pierre le Clerc.

The monk looked at the paper and then requested his caller to write down his name.

This information was refused, and the caller rose as if to leave.

" You are wrong to be so impatient," said the old man. " It takes time to work out a horoscope, but if you give me your name and any question you would like to ask, I may perhaps be able to give you an answer at once. The fact that you were born on the date you have written on the paper and at Corsica, brings to my mind a prediction made by Cagliostro ten years ago, before any Revolution was thought of. He said it would be a Corsican who would bring it to an end. Judging from your birth date, I think you are the man Cagliostro indicated."

However, Bonaparte—for this was his name

—was in no mood to listen to the words of one he believed to be a madman, so tossing a silver piece on the table he went off.

Four years later, on 8th November, 1799, he again found himself in Paris. He had returned from his great Egyptian campaign and had covered himself with glory. But he had many bitter enemies in the capital and the times were uncertain and threatening.

On this particular evening he shut himself up in his study in the Rue Chantereine, afterwards renamed in his honour, Rue de la Victoire, and paced up and down deep in meditation. The streets were filled with soldiers demonstrating against the Government. All seemed confusion.

Suddenly through the mind of Bonaparte, sounded the words uttered by Pierre le Clerc: "A Corsican will bring the Revolution to an end. Judging from the date of your birth, you are THE MAN."

Silently he left his house and made his way to the habitation of the Monk. As he opened the door he found him again seated at the table engaged in calculations that seemed never ending.

The Monk, whose eyesight was failing, did not recognize his visitor. But as usual with callers, he said, "Write out your name with the question you wish to ask, each word on a separate piece of paper. Mix them up, give them to me, and I will give you an answer."

The stranger wrote:

"What will happen to the Corsician, General Napoleon Bonaparte, if he risks a *coup d'état* in Paris to-morrow?"

Forming words out of the "mystic alphabet," Pierre le Clerc read out slowly:

"IN 1804 HE WILL BE SEATED ON A THRONE SURROUNDED BY MILITARY STANDARDS. IN 1815 HE WILL BE OVERTHROWN BY THE CANNON OF ENGLISH SOLDIERS."

"There are still," continued the Monk, "some letters left over. Their interpretation is: 'HE WILL RAISE HIMSELF TWICE AS PRINCE OVER THE PEOPLE, BUT HIS FATALITY WILL COME FROM THE PEOPLE.'"

Napoleon went back into the night and sought his study. The next day he made himself Military Dictator. In 1804 he crowned himself Emperor of the French, while in 1815 he was a prisoner in the hands of the English. His fadic numbers had foretold his Hour of Destiny.

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It is on record that one of the first acts Napoleon did on becoming Emperor was to have the aged Abbé sought out and given a home to live in, in the Royal Park of Versailles, and a pension for the remainder of his days.

The last scene of the Abbé's life is a tragic and pathetic one. While working out a horoscope for Napoleon in 1814 he foresaw his downfall in the month of June of the following year.

In spite of his years, he immediately set out to try and warn the master to whom he owed so much in his latter days. On foot he followed Napoleon's army through the various campaigns of 1814, hoping against hope that he would be permitted to give him his last warning.

He reached his Emperor on the evening before Waterloo, June 14th, but was prevented by Napoleon's bodyguard from approaching, and driven out of the camp as a madman.

Some days after Napoleon's flight to Paris, the corpse of the aged Abbé was found in a ditch close to the battlefield, his hand still clutching in death the last horoscope he had made for his master and benefactor.

CHAPTER IX

VAN GALGEBROK, THE DUTCH MYSTIC, AND HIS LIFE IN LONDON

The history of occult adepts contains perhaps no more interesting figure than Van Galgebrok, known as the Dutch Mystic. He settled in London during the reign of William the Third, and successively through the reigns of Queen Anne and George the First, and was in high favour with Court and Society people. Many of his remarkable prophecies were accurately fulfilled.

WILLIAM III, the Dutch King, who came to the English Throne conjointly with his consort, Mary, daughter of James II, the deposed monarch, was of a cold and sullen disposition. But beneath his icy demeanour that too often chilled his British subjects, he cherished a curious affection for occultism. Were it not so it is unlikely that London would have witnessed the advent in 1690 of an astrologer and mystic, named Van Galgebrok, who had already gained much fame in Holland.

During his sojourn in Amsterdam, where all the society people flocked to him for advice on love, health and the future, this Dutch astrologer had put forth a number of wonderful predictions, many of which had been signally fulfilled.

He was no mean physician, and when the Prince of Orange, afterwards King of England, was at death's door with the asthma that had tormented him from childhood, he was restored by the Mystic to a better state of health than he had ever enjoyed before. In accomplishing this, Van Galgebrok earned the deepest gratitude from the Prince. It was at this time the astrologer drew a chart of the astrological influences at work upon the life of his illustrious patron.

Among other items of information, he said, "the Prince would wear a Monarch's crown in a foreign land." At the time the prophecy seemed most unlikely of fulfilment; but the Prince cherished remarkable ambitions little suspected by the Dutch. He carefully noted down the prediction that Van Galgebrok had produced by studying the birthdate of the Prince, 4th November, 1640—a time of mourning and depression, for only eight days before his wise and beloved father had sunk into the grave, leaving the affairs of Holland in sore confusion.

The day came when the Prince was asked by certain British noblemen to come from The

Hague to England to seize the crown from his father-in-law, James II. Once again the Prince consulted Van Galgebrok. The interview took place in a strange old house in The Hague where the astrologer lived. William of Orange came to him disguised, asking if a certain day would be propitious for a great adventure; Van Galgebrok, penetrating the disguise of the caller, said:

"To-morrow is your birthday, noble Prince. It is an auspicious day. Sail upon that moment and you will wear a crown."

Therefore upon his natal day, 4th November, William set out with his adherents, being determined "to restore the infringed liberties of England."

So highly did he think of the Dutch astrologer that he begged him to come with him and promised him his protection and patronage if he would settle in London. Van Galgebrok agreed, and this remarkable occultist, whose fame was spread over all civilized countries, sailed in the *Lion* which was the flag-ship of the small armada that headed for the English coast.

The following day, 5th November, the ships came into Torbay Harbour and disembarked.

As it is well known, James II fled hastily when he heard his brilliant young son-in-law had landed, and the progress of William through the West of England to the capital was a triumph. On 13th February, 1669, William and Mary, his consort, were jointly proclaimed King and Queen, the first time in history that two Sovereigns reigned jointly.

Van Galgebrok was well received in London. He took a fine old mansion in Tyburn Road, now known as Oxford Street.

One of the first actions of William III, as he was now designated, was to send for Van Galgebrok to come to Kensington. Here the Monarch commended the occultist to Mary, his gentle consort.

The kingly husband was extremely anxious to know if the new dynasty would take firm root in English soil; for although James II had made himself unpopular by his bigoted actions, still the majority of the Roman Catholic clergy and noblemen looked upon him with favour and maintained correspondence with him at his mimic court at St. Germains, France.

Through his study of the horoscope of the King, Van Galgebrok was able to write down upon a paper a statement to the effect that the days of the King would be crowned with much glory and honour. He predicted a shattering sorrow, through the loss of his consort, the amiable Mary. And though William was not insensible to the charms of other ladies, it was true the death of Mary of smallpox at Kensington Palace on 28th December, 1694, caused him the deepest grief. Finally Van Galgebrok predicted William's death would arise through a trifling accident. This again proved accurate, for while riding his favourite horse, the animal stumbled over a mole hill, throwing the King and breaking his collar-bone. This trifling hurt brought on a low fever and bronchitis from which he expired.

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On 8th March, 1702, William drew his last breath and Anne, his sister-in-law, became Queen of England.

There was now ushered in what might be described as a Golden Age, not merely on account of the glorious victories won by General Churchill and his captains against the French, but also through the immense improvement in social life and habits owing to the increased opening up of foreign commerce. The middle-class grew more rich ; stark poverty decreased ; while in art and literature an extraordinary galaxy of talent appeared.

In the world where the wealthy moved, there was a fashion, one might write, almost a craze, to consult astrologers, hand-readers, crystal-gazers, and others who professed to be searching for the secret of the Philosopher's

Stone, that should transmute base metal into gold. Moreover, London was intrigued by the presence of Jasper Morgan, a wild and visionary Welsh mystic who claimed to have discovered the Elixir of Life. All those who professed the possession of love potions and powders that would restore beauty, drove a thriving trade. Probably there was no time when both real students of the occult science and charlatans were so much in vogue as during the days of the "Good Queen Anne."

Amid these, Van Galgebrok shone with supreme pre-eminence. He despised, and rightly, the crowd of imitators of his gifts, and would rarely stoop to reveal fate to the curious who flocked to his splendid house. But mathematicians, men of science, and searchers after hidden wisdom who came to him from all parts of Europe, were courteously received, shown his flawless crystal he had received from a holy fakir of Benares, and also some of the relics he had purchased that once belonged to Doctor Dee.

Indeed, it is no exaggeration to write that at this period, when a new century was opening, Van Galgebrok was one of the most trusted and respected "Wise Men" of his age. The gay and gallant Louis XIV sent a messenger to the famous Dutch astrologer in London seeking information concerning the tangled progress of European events; particularly asking whether it was probable the Stuarts would again be seated on the Throne of England. The reply of Van Galgebrok was an emphatic, "No!" and it was noticeable that, after receiving this information Louis slackened in the efforts he made on behalf of the Royal refugees at St. Germains.

But the greater glory came to the astrologer, as he was generally called, from the open patronage bestowed upon him by Queen Anne.

The Queen, stout, good-natured, and voluble, had her secret sorrows despite her exalted position. In Fate she had implicit belief.

She had been married to Prince George of Denmark, brother of King Christian the Fifth. Of all her children only one survived, a son who had been created Duke of Gloucester, and he was failing in health. His physician, the celebrated Doctor Arbuthnot, gave an opinion the young Prince was "moonstruck," a delicate way of explaining that his wits were not overstrong.

It was under these circumstances that Van Galgebrok received a summons to Kensington Palace. One of the Royal coaches was sent to fetch him. He was a tall and portly man, fair of complexion and wearing a long blond beard that fell to his girdle. A conspicuous point in his appearance was his pair of brilliant blue eyes.

Like most astrologers of his time, he wore a conical cap bearing the Zodiac signs in gold. In his hand he carried a short rod of ivory, and in his breast a small crystal that he used for the purpose of concentration.

There is still pointed out in Kensington Palace the small reception-room where Queen Anne was accustomed to receive favoured visitors. Her constant companion was her Consort, Prince George, now grown very unwieldly. He still bore the witty stigma applied to him by Charles II: "I have tried George drunk and tried him sober, and he is a fool in both conditions."

The Queen herself at this time suffered much from corpulency and difficulty in walking. Abigail Hill and Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, the two female inseparables who constituted the Power behind the Throne, were present in addition to the Prince when Van Galgebrok was introduced.

At this interview Van Galgebrok produced the celebrated prediction, worked out from the birth-date of the little Duke, that showed all too clearly the Stuart dynasty was nearing its end. He predicted the coming of yet another dynasty that should reign generation after generation—an accurate forecast of the succession after Anne's decease, of the present House of Hanover, or as now called since the Great War the House of Windsor.

With regard to national events, the astrologer predicted the great victories of Ramillies, Blenheim, and other immortal fights gained by Marlborough.

On the question of health, the astrologer delivered a long homily, warning against certain phases of the moon and (as usual in these cases) sweepingly condemning the treatment of the young Duke by Arbuthnot. He presented a "reviving elixir" to the Queen who received it reverently. It may be noted that some short time later the only son of the Queen died, and it would appear that his fatal illness was an affection of the brain.

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This visit to Kensington Palace was quickly known to the Court and high society. As a result Van Galgebrok's house was besieged by callers of rank, most of whom desired to have their fate revealed. This mystic was one of the most reputed astrologers to practise palmistry, and a manuscript volume that he wrote on the Study of Hands was found after his death and passed into the possession of the Museum of Prague.

The reading of Fate by the mysterious lines on the palms of the hand, although an extremely ancient science, was at this time practically unknown in England. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, left a record in her journal of a visit she and Lady Masham paid to the "Wise Man," both having disguised themselves. However, their disguise was easily penetrated and in the case of the impetuous Duchess she was told plainly that her golden good fortune would not endure much longer. Her fall from Royal favour occurred soon afterwards.

The great Duke of Marlborough, after the victory of Blenheim, became very interested in the studies of the Dutch astrologer. Wearied of domestic bickering, and sated with the adulation of place-seeking friends, in the intervals of watching the erection of the stately palace of Blenheim, he often sat and listened to the wisdom of Van Galgebrok. There is good reason to believe that it was through the good offices of the Duke the way was paved for the memorable visit of Prince George of Hanover, whom few thought was destined to wear a crown.

Of this fateful interview, some facts are gleaned from the amazingly historical manuscripts discovered one hundred and eighty years later in a secret chamber in a Rhine castle. It appeared to be a diary kept by Van Galgebrok in some form of cypher or shorthand. Like Pepys, the memorable diarist of an earlier age, the astrologer realized the danger of committing certain facts in a form that could be read by anyone. For this reason he adopted a cypher that was after much labour deciphered by Dr. Luther Hertog, the celebrated antiquarian of Heidelberg.

Prince George Louis, ruler of the Duchy of Calenberg, and by marriage to his cousin Dorothea, possessor of the Duchy of Zell, was the next Protestant heir after Anne. But there was a strong intrigue afoot among the Tory lords to bring over the son of the deposed James II. The whole question of the succession was one of burning interest, and we cannot wonder that Marlborough, who was adamant against the Stuart dynasty, was most anxious to have a prediction from Van Galgebrok concerning the fate of the Crown.

Prince George therefore made a secret journey to London, disguised as a merchant. He was met by the Duke of Marlborough who conducted him to the house of the astrologer.

It is easy to understand how impressed Prince George must have been when he was introduced into the dimly-lit chamber, where Van Galgebrok sat on a high ebony chair that had been gifted to him by a Swedish Prince and was said to have come from the Doges Palace of Venice. He sat dressed in the gorgeous ceremonial robes that corresponded to his nativity. On a couch, illuminated by a faint light, reclined Elihu Muntzer, the famed "medium" whom he brought over from Prague. In front of Van Galgebrok was a huge crystal supported upon a golden table covered with black velvet.

This table was fashioned according to the design of Muma Goetz, the great wandering Mystic, who claimed to have discovered the Elixir of Eternal Life. A skull, some portions of a serpent's skin, phials containing various powders, and some scrolls of parchment, lay heaped upon the table. From an inner room, at intervals, sounded out bursts of stringed music that the mystic might be *en rapport* with harmonious conditions.

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The Duke of Marlborough cowered in the background overpressed by the mysterious influences he felt were at work. Prince George, of more sturdy stuff, knelt humbly before the mystic whom he was convinced could reveal the secrets of the human heart and perhaps unroll the future.

The music died—in absolute silence Van Galgebrok fixed his brilliant eyes upon the plain face of the Prince.

" Would thou know all, Prince ? " he inquired at length.

" What does the future hold for me ? "

The brilliant eyes seemed to grow opaque as one who sees beyond mortal ken. Then slowly stretching out his hand towards Elihu Muntzer the astrologer cried loudly :

" Speak, spirits, that hover round those entrusted with great destinies."

Now the still form of the " medium " became animated. His mouth opened and shut with gasping sounds. His features convulsed as if wrestling with mortal agony. Then gradually the contortions and distress passed and he lay again inert, his opened eyes gazing upwards at the lamp suspended above his head.

Van Galgebrok took up his carved staff and waved it thrice in the air.

" We await thee, O spirits," he said imperiously.

From the lips of Elihu Muntzer issued a thin, unearthly voice :

" I see lovers ! Oh, how they kiss and cling and twine ! He is a goodly man dressed in fine raiment. A noble lord. And she too is as the spring flowers for freshness. A lady of high birth. Their hearts are bound together. But they meet in secret and a Shade glides between them. His face is cold and his form heavy. The greenish flames of jealousy burn in his heart. It is the unwanted husband.

“There are whisperers who come to the Shade and tell him things concerning the lovers. They separate, these lovers, she goes to her Princely husband in the Castle and the lover goes away. But she sendeth forth her trusty messenger and he returneth.

“It is night. The moon shines on the battlements and turrets, and black are the shadows. I see ruffians lurk and crouch in the darkness. She cometh forth by stealth wrapped in her cloak; her lover meets and kisses her. Ah! The ruffians steal forth and throw themselves upon the man.”

The Prince wiped his face with his lace handkerchief.

“What fearful necromancy is this?” he muttered.

Implacably the voice poured from the lips of the “medium”:

“The ruffians plunge their swords into his body. I see the blood—there is blood everywhere. Now the Shade comes and looks down upon the lover that lies so still. He spurns him with his foot. He crieth: ‘Die, foul hog!’

The woman is borne away. She weepeth and wringeth her hand."

"Stop!" cried the Prince, dropping his head on his breast. "No more, for the sake of Christ. Let the dead bury their dead. Tell me of the Future."

By now the "medium" had relapsed into a trance-like condition. Van Galgebrok took up a sheet of parchment from the table by his side.

"Prince George," he said solemnly, "Thou has heard from the lips of the spirit how Count Konigsmark stole away thy wife, the high-born Dorothea. He is dead, and lies where no eye shall see him *until the secret recess falls before the touch of Time's hand.** I have studied thy horoscope. Rest content, O Prince, for there is reserved for thee a glorious destiny though there be mingled with it a crown of thorns."

"Is there a crown?" asked the Prince, again mastering himself.

"Yes! That of England, and thy generation shall reign for many years. But thy fair young wife whom thou hast shut up shall summons thee to appear before the Most High Judge of Mankind. *Woe to thee in thy last hours.*"

It is, of course, a well-known historical fact that Prince George kept his wife Dorothea in captivity for thirty years in the Castle of Zell, until she died in 1726. Van Galgebrok had predicted that Prince George would die *one year and a day after her death.* He returned to Hanover with the intention of visiting the Castle of Zell. He was successful in reaching this gloomy feudal stronghold where his discarded wife had died in captivity, and followed her in death to the exact time that had been predicted. She died 10th June, 1726, and George the First of England expired in his carriage on entering his Hanoverian domain on June 11th, 1727.

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* Later the skeleton was discovered in a secret room behind a fire-place and identified by a ring.

"Dorothea! Dorothea!" were the last words that left his lips. Who can say what accusing and ghostly forms menaced his dying moments?

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The years passed and the frost of extreme age silvered the hair and beard of the Dutch Astrologer. Through the active patronage of the dashing Duchess of Kendal, he was resorted to by many ladies of the Court and amassed great wealth. Oftentimes he was called in by the fashionable sick; he was able to establish that planetary influences worked potently upon the human frame. His remarkable knowledge of herbs led to a cult in their use; so much so, in fact, that the surgeons and apothecaries presented a petition to the King praying that Van Galgebrok might be restrained.

Through the powerful influence of the Duchess, the King returned a stiff answer to his petitioners. He himself had never forgotten the interview he had had with the astrologer and how remarkably the prediction had been fulfilled that he should wear the crown of England. To the end of his days, Van Galgebrok continued to be respected and revered.

Before he died he called into consultation a young man of the adopted name of Paulo Phim. It would seem that the mantle of Elijah fell upon this new Elisha ; for very soon after the death of Van Galgebrok, London rang with the extraordinary deeds performed by a new mystic.

CHAPTER X

PAULO PHIM, THE MAN OF MYSTERY, WHO CLAIMED TO BE AN "IMMORTAL"

After the death of Van Galgebrok, London was dominated by an exceedingly clever occult student who called himself Paulo Phim. His real name had always been shrouded in mystery. He was consulted by Royalty and members of the fashionable world, while one of his most remarkable exploits was when he predicted the death of Admiral Byng, who was shot for cowardice.

WHEN Van Galgebrok felt Death creeping upon him he cast about in his mind for some worthy disciple upon whom his mantle might fall.

He had the more reason to be thus exercised because there is evidence that during the year previous to his death, the Dutch Astrologer and student of occult mysteries had been engaged upon a search for the Elixir of Life.

This, indeed, was one of the grand aims of these "Wise Men" who flourished in an age when science was but faintly developed. Dr. Dee was ever striving for the Philosopher's Stone, that potent substance that should transmute base metal into gold. How rooted was this belief is seen by the correspondence of men of ripe understanding and diplomacy. Walsingham, adviser of Queen Elizabeth in her old age, believed in the possibility of the discovery. Philip of Spain, while Consort of Mary the First, paid large sums of money to the Italian Seer, Paulus Rombusti, who dwelt in Pudding Lane, London, and who claimed to have discovered the Grand Secret. He did indeed produce several pieces of gold, but there was no evidence they were transmuted from lead as he claimed.

The Elixir of Life, too, was another never-failing search. Doctor Dee had dabbled in this profound mystery, and while visiting the Emperor of Austria had been allowed to carry out experiments in one of the vaults of the Castle of Althus. Van Galgebrok also had at one time thought he was in possession of the Elixir and actually carried out experiments on three aged people.

In the end he came to the conclusion, the discovery could only be made after very prolonged and costly experiments. For this reason, knowing that old age was fast creeping on, he took into his service a willing disciple. This young man had come from that City of Mystery, Prague, and had a reputation vouched for by

Theodore Gruber, himself one of the most remarkable astrologers and famous for his experiments in chemistry.

What the real name of the disciple was, will never be known. When he came to Van Galgebrok he introduced himself thus: "While in a trance the Angel Ariel called to me, 'Paulo Phim, depart unto the house of Van Galgebrok in London.'" It is curious to observe that when Doctor Dee was carrying out his patient search after spirit communion through the medium of Edward Kelley, the Angel Ariel was one of the chief guides that gave messages of wisdom.

Certainly this made a great impression on Van Galgebrok. He received Paulo as a "friend and brother in the great mysteries." At this time the Dutchman was engrossed upon his experiments connected with the Elixir, and the new-comer was fully and freely initiated into all that was afoot in the laboratory.

In his secret cypher record, Van Galgebrok has given us a fair picture of his new disciple.

"At this time there came to me a young man, very dark and swarthy as an Italian, though he was of Austria. He was gentle and pleasing, though his tongue could be sharp withal. The spirits were much subject to him. He helped me in the Great Secret."

We can easily imagine the old astrologer, now somewhat shrivelled and bent with age, and with his beard a floss of silver, pottering about in the laboratory, peering into retorts, stirring various concoctions, and delving into the action of potent drugs. And all this too must be done at auspicious times and seasons calculated according to the rules of planetary influence, etc.

In between, there would be visits to various fashionable houses, for the reputation of Van Galgebrok was never higher than at his death. He was consulted by those who had the palsy, the Evil Eye, the kindling sores, the sweating death, and other diseases and complaints. He would be attended by Paulo, the rapt young disciple, anxious to learn, but already conscious that he himself possessed remarkable gifts. As they passed through the streets the pair received the homage of the mob; for Van Galgebrok was always regarded as a healer and a "Wise Man."

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Van Galgebrok was dead. His end had come with startling suddenness. One night he was in the laboratory, his face flushed by the red flames that heated his crucible. When dawn came he had passed away.

Profound was the sensation when the news spread that the Dutch Mystic was no more. At the same time a rumour was circulated and multiplied that he had left the whole of his secrets and mechanism to his disciple, Paulo Phim. And gradually, too, it was confidently asserted that just before his death, Van Galgebrok had bequeathed to the disciple, "The Great Secret." Excitement ran high.

At the time George the Second had not long ascended the Throne. Previously he had been maintaining a mimic court at Leicester House, having been so far estranged from his Royal father that the latter had compared him to "disobedient Absalom." At one time, indeed, he had actually been under arrest and was commanded to leave St. James's Palace and to absent himself from all ceremonies. It was true, as Van Galgebrok had told George the First that he wore the crown, but there was a diadem of thorns entwined about it, for in love and his family he had endless troubles and sorrows.

When the hour came for the crown to be placed upon the brow of the Prince who had suffered so cruelly through his father's harshness, he did not forget to consult the occult art as to whether his reign would be auspicious. Paulo Phim was summoned to the Royal presence.

With his characteristic pedantic and methodical habit, George the Second noted down all that was told him concerning the future. From the lips of Paulo Phim he learned that the curse of domestic sorrow was also in store for him. This proved singularly accurate; for his heir, Frederick Prince of Wales, openly rebelled against his father, the King, and set up a rival Court at Leicester House. But this son, as predicted, was never destined to wear the crown of England, though his son became George the Third, whose reign lasted for sixty years.

This visit of Paulo to the new King aroused tremendous interest, and public attention began to concentrate upon the young and personable mystic whose connection with Van Galgebrok had endowed him with a halo of occult reputation. So large, indeed, became the numbers of his patrons, that Paulo moved to an ancient house in Staple Inn, and set up a large establishment.

Here Paulo immured himself, and his house quickly became the resort of the famous and the fashionable. He had studied palmistry under his revered Master, and more and more it became the fashion to have the mysterious lines of the hand read. Among those who visited him for this purpose was the Princess

Frederick of Wales who learned from Paulo that death would soon claim her Royal husband.

But during all these comings and goings the real engrossment of the Sage of Staple Inn, was the discovery of the " Grand Secret "—the Elixir of Life. In this he had the help and probably the pecuniary assistance of George Cateret, afterwards Lord Granville.

This courtly and subtle politician, who for a long time ruled the political mind of George the Second, was an intense student of the occult arts. When a young man he did the Grand Tour, and while in Vienna met several noted alchemists and astrologers. Indeed, this courtly politician often protested that " had Heaven not entangled his feet in politics he would have immurred himself in a laboratory and assisted to lay bare the Grand Secret."

Through his friendship with Walpole, this astute statesman was also a frequent visitor to Staple Inn. It must have been a remarkable sight to see the young occult student busy with his phials and retorts while two such courtly statesmen as Lord Granville and Walpole, looked on. Their patronage did much to make Paulo popular. During the zenith of his career, his receiving chamber was daily thronged, and it is computed he made as much as ten thousand pounds a year in fees.

There were not wanting those among the rich and aged nobility who frequently inquired whether the Elixir of Life had been discovered; and if so whether they could test its reviving powers. It was freely rumoured that the Duke of Newcastle "implored" Paulo to give him a phial of the Elixir, as he all too consciously felt his powers failing.

The honest refusal brought another urgent application, and at last Paulo admits he sent a bottle containing some red coloured "balm." The nobleman swallowed it with reverent thankfulness, and such being the power of faith, was persuaded he was growing younger. *Tempus fugit*, however, soon told its chill story.

Paulo also revealed the future by means of the "Mystic Alphabet," and one of his most interesting experiences was with the unhappy Admiral Byng. He was a son of Lord Torrington, a nobleman who had distinguished himself by his interest in astrology and whose travels on the Continent were famous for the many calls he made upon noted astrologers. Perhaps it was through this that his son, the Admiral, became a friend of Paulo's, and frequently visited the queer old house in Staple Inn.

On one of these visits Byng mentioned he had been ordered to the Mediterranean owing to hostilities commencing against the French.

"If it is possible to know one's fate," said the Admiral, "let me know what the future holds for me?"

Paulo asked him to write down his birth date and a specific question upon a piece of paper. He did so, and the question related to whether or not he would receive fresh promotion. These questions having been written down on separate cards for each letter, Paulo shuffled them up and then arranged them in an outer and inner circle.

Before giving the result he asked to see the hand of the Admiral. He found, as he expected, a broken fate line.

He said gravely:

"*You will die by the muskets of your own countrymen. Your real fame will only begin after your death.*"

Admiral Byng was nonplussed by this message and affected to laugh it off. It was not long afterwards that Byng's ship met a French vessel of about equal strength. An engagement was fought in which the British got the worst of it. But no attempt was made to again engage the French. Eventually Byng sailed away for Gibraltar, leaving Fort St. Philip to its fate.

On the Admiralty despatches being published in London there was a savage outburst against

Admiral Byng, he being taunted as a traitor and coward. He was ordered home, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot " by the muskets of his own marines " on the quarter-deck he had been accustomed to walk.

The sentence was carried into effect, despite a petition to the King. After the death of the Admiral, public opinion turned in his favour, and his kindliness and humanity as a commander were recalled. It proved literally true that " his fame began with his death," as had been predicted by Paulo.

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A contemporary journal, the " Glass of Fashion," gives an interesting picture of the hold Paulo had upon the fashionable world in 1770. Discoursing in a gossipy style of " Events in London," we have this picture of the Sage of Staple Inn :

" Mrs. Cartwright, the wealthy widow of a London brewer, hath it is said, derived much good from a series of visits paid to a Wise Astrologer, whose name is now on every lip. She hath visited Staple Inn a number of times and it is rumoured, hath received emperics that have restored the gloss of youth to her complexion and made her appear at least twenty-five years younger. Mr. Pitt, the Prime Minister, met her in a *salon* by chance and was confounded. She smiled at him. "Pon my soul, Madame,' he said, 'but I know not whom you are from Eve herself.' On her mentioning her name, and seeing that her late husband had been one of Mr. Pitt's chief supporters in the North of London, he was almost abashed. However, she was much gratified by the incident. It is reported credibly she hath paid five hundred guineas for salves and powders."

It must be remembered that practically all alchemists, etc., existed in somewhat precarious fashion and they were compelled to keep themselves in funds by pandering, to a certain extent, to the female faith in their power to ward off the effects of time. By this means they were able to carry on the "Grand Experiments" that were expensive, and doubtless they justified themselves by thinking that whatever salves and powders they sold did not do any harm.

The end of Paulo was exceedingly mysterious. At the age of sixty he announced he had been summoned to the Continent to visit a wealthy merchant in Berlin. After this, he travelled into Russia, and was certainly in attendance at the Court of the Emperor of that country. He left there and proceeded to Prague, and after this all record concerning him is lost.

But it is established that about this time a young and amazingly clever astrologer commenced to attract attention, and there were not wanting those who declared that the newcomer was none other than Paulo, who had rejuvenated himself by a discovery of the long-sought Elixir. There his story must end, for mysteriously and entirely shrouded in obscurity ends the recorded life of Paulo Phim.

Indeed, years after, an ancient astrologer was found wandering in Paris. Asked for his name he uttered two words: "Paulo Phim." Almost immediately afterwards he expired. He may be said to have been the last of the old line of astrologers and students of occult wisdom, who searched so diligently for the Philosophers' Stone or the Elixir of Life.

PART II

CHAPTER XI

THE PRINCESS ZISKY OF VIENNA: HERR ZUNKLEHORN, THE GERMAN MYSTIC

I HAVE related in my volume of "True Ghost Stories" published recently* of my meeting with the Princess Zisky of Vienna and of an extraordinary séance I had with her in the Royal Mausoleum of the Hapsburg dynasty under the Cathedral of St. Stephen.

At this séance the spirit of the murdered Empress, Elizabeth of Austria, appeared and speaking very clearly in French, gave an unmistakable forewarning of the coming Great War.

As I have given in "True Ghost Stories" a full account of this strange experience, I will only repeat here, the words of the late Empress which made such a lasting impression on my mind.

The Princess Zisky a few hours before in her apartment in the Leopoldstadt district, had been giving me some details of the terrible sorrow that had overshadowed the Empress, whom she knew well, by the tragedy of the Château of Meyerling which robbed her of her son Rudolph, Crown Prince of Austria, and as we entered the royal vaults she whispered to me that in that very chapel that opened before us the body of the dead Rudolph had lain in state. After the Empress was murdered before she was finally interred in her tomb in the crypts of the Capuchin church by a wish expressed in her will she also was brought to this same chapel.

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* "True Ghost Stories," by Cheiro, Publishers, Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., 3, York Street, St. James's, London.

The Princess had just whispered this information to me when the apparition of the dead Empress appeared and the words I have alluded to seemed to float through the dread stillness of the vault.

"Sorrow of sorrows, was ever sorrow like to my sorrow! O bleeding heart of Motherhood transfixed by Death's arrow!"

After a short pause that seemed to me like an eternity, the voice continued:

"Woe to the world! Woe to the Mothers! For they shall weep like Rachel and refuse to be comforted. The time cometh quickly when the earth shall be drenched in blood and the nations shall destroy each other. The House of Hapsburg shall fall and mighty shall be its ruin!"

It should be borne in mind that this took place in the early part of 1913 when the possibility of war between the Great Powers was not even considered a probability.

The Princess Zisky was a very interesting personality. She claimed to be a direct descendant of the father of the late Czar Nicholas of Russia, her imperial aspirations were frowned upon by the Russian Court and in consequence she had taken up her residence in Vienna where she had been well received by the Empress Elizabeth.

As I had personally met the late Empress during her many visits to England I can vouch for the fact that the apparition we saw bore a striking resemblance to that unhappy woman who had been so cruelly done to death by the Italian anarchist at Geneva in 1897.

The Princess Zisky was a very remarkable medium, who on no occasion had ever been known to use her extraordinary gift to gain money. She was wealthy in her own right and so independent in character that she refused the most valuable presents from the exalted personages that consulted her from time to time.

When living in Petrograd she had been associated with Heliodor, the mystic Monk—whom I also met on one of my visits to Russia. She had also attended on many occasions some of the extraordinary séances given by Rasputin before the late Czar and Czarina in the Winter Palace, but she deplored the influence that this man exercised over the Imperial Family. In her clairvoyant vision she saw clearly the coming downfall of the Russian Empire, but like so many others she could not believe that such a catastrophe could happen to the Czar as Head of the Orthodox Church of the mighty Russian Empire.

She always travelled with her pet snake Tanitha, in a basket, a full grown cobra from India, which had some years before been given to her by a Hindu fakir when she visited that country. She called it her "familiar" and believed it was the reincarnation of Ra-set the Hindu God of Wisdom who lived at Benares a thousand years ago.

It was a weird pet and obeyed every command she gave. In passing the Custom House officials at various frontiers she never had any difficulty in getting it through, she seemed to hypnotize the officers so they would not open the basket.

She promised me that when she came to die she would send the spirit of Tanitha to inform me of her death. Such a thing actually happened as I have related in "True Ghost Stories."

HERR ZUNKLEHORN, THE GERMAN MYSTIC

This remarkable mystic was well known in Berlin. When and where he was born had always been a mystery. He was a very old man when the ex-Kaiser ascended the Throne of Germany. He died in Berlin in 1917, under mysterious conditions, being one morning found dead on the floor of his laboratory.

Before the coronation of the ex-Kaiser as William the Second of Germany, he had sent a warning to the then Crown Prince against his being crowned with the famous Iron Crown of Prussia with what he called the "Eye of Buddha" in the centre.

Zunklehorn, when he visited me in London, had told me the history of this celebrated diamond with its record of disaster behind it. It had been raped by a French soldier from a golden statue of Buddha in a temple in Ceylon, a curse had been put on it by its custodian, an aged priest, as he was being hacked to death by the soldier. It was to the effect that any one who possessed the stone would come to ruin.

For a time it had adorned the royal turban of Din Nur, the Sultan of Turkey; his favourite wife murdered him in order to get it into her possession; she was herself murdered and it passed into the hands of the next Caliph, who a year later was killed in battle. The gem was next found in Tibet, where a Kurdish soldier stole it from the palace of the Priest-King. After many other adventures it finally reached Amsterdam, where it was sold by a merchant to a Jewish diamond dealer.

Passing through Silesia this man was arrested by the police of Frederick the Great. On finding the gem in the prisoner's baggage it was taken to the King, who with swift decision hanged the dealer for the simple crime of being a Jew. On his way to the scaffold the Jew repeated the curse and with prophetic vision announced that if a descendant of Frederick wore the gem in his crown, he would lose Germany and be forced into exile.

It was on account of this knowledge that Zunklehorn addressed a memorandum of protest and warning to the Crown Prince before he succeeded to the throne, urging that the Iron Crown bearing this fatal gem should not be used at his coronation.

For this he was rewarded with disgrace and informed that his presence near or about the Court for the future would not be desired.

On the occasion of Zunklehorn's visit he urged me to come to Berlin and see him at his laboratory as soon as possible.

About ten days later the opportunity

presented itself, exploration in the realms of occultism had such an appeal to something in my nature I could not resist, that one afternoon found me making my way up to the attic of the old house in a street off the Frederickstrasse where the mystic lived.

Zunklehorn welcomed me very warmly, telling me I had arrived at an opportune moment when he was about to carry out an important experiment at which he would be glad to have me assist.

If ever a man in the present age looked like one of the alchemists of ancient times, Zunklehorn certainly did so on this occasion.

He wore a robe of purple embroidered in gold with the twelve signs of the Zodiac, on his head was a skullcap made from the fur of a wildcat, while on every side of the laboratory were crucibles and retorts with evidence of the art of the alchemists as handed down to us from far distant ages.

After talking about his visit to England and of a mysterious interview he had had with King Edward VII, he proceeded to explain the results he hoped to attain by his coming experiment.

" Cheiro," he went on, " I have read of your experiences in investigating the phenomena of spiritism especially those in the house of Sir

William Crookes with that remarkable medium Miss Fanny Cooke.

" I am not satisfied, however, with simply conversing with spirits who come as and when they wish. My desire is to have the power to *command* those I want to come *and those only*. I have long passed the point of knowing that life goes on after so-called death and that communication can be set up between the living and their loved ones who have passed away.

" I have worked to obtain more important results than these. My ambition has been to be able to receive messages from the really great who have filled high positions on this earth. At one time I believed that such persons should from their past experiences be able to judge the trend of events in the coming years and so be able to give some light on the future.

" The difficulty, however, is, and this I have found almost impossible to overcome, that many of those whom we call ' great,' have had in this life so little knowledge of spiritual things that when they have passed into the next stage they are as infants beginning all over again.

" In fact, I have found that it is only those who have led simple lives, those who have remained close to nature, those who without pomp and ceremony have worshipped Nature's

God with child-like faith, are the ones who advance the most in the world of spirit.

" Perhaps in all this the great law of balance may be seen or the still greater one of compensation.

" It may be that those who have had much given them in this life—in the next stage have much taken away.

" It may be that those who have suffered affliction, poverty and distress, may have developed a spirituality that is unknown to those who have never met care.

" I wasted many years in wading through volumes of philosophy, books of dogmas, and vapourings of priests, to stumble across one sentence of Christ that taught me more than all their so-called wisdom—' Except a man be as a little child he cannot hope to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.'

" And yet in spite of all this I still cling to my idea of endeavouring to get into contact with some of the great rulers who held high positions on the earth plane.

" For many years I have been hoping to learn something of the destiny that lies beyond for my own beloved country—Germany. I have received many warnings that a trend of cause and effect is shaping that will bring Germany into a terrible conflict that will set back her tide of prosperity for many years.

" At the present moment these warnings seem vague and uncertain but for to-night I have received assurance that some personage in whom I can have confidence will come from the spirit plane and give me a definite message.

" Who that personage is I do not know, but I have been told to employ the simplest of my mediums, a young girl hardly more than a child, one who knows nothing of the world or political affairs, to aid me in my experiment.

" None of us investigators yet understand the secret laws governing manifestations from the world of spirits, it seems hard to realize that ' from the mouths of babes ' there oft cometh the greatest wisdom. It is difficult to understand that the trained mind of the investigator is generally the last to see visions or get the messages they so much desire. In my own case I am considered a master of spells and incantations, it is true that I have the power to call up devils and evil spirits who mock me with their promises of the ' Philosopher's Stone ' or their gift of the ' Elixir of Life.' It is true that in some of these experiments I have succeeded beyond the lot of ordinary men, but that is not what I want. I am too old to care for riches and too tired of life to seek to prolong it. What I want to know, is something definite about the formation of the Future and its quickening in the womb of Time.

" As nothing happens by chance, it stands to reason there must be a creative process that has existed from the beginning of things and is in itself eternal.

" What the *purpose* of it is, I cannot solve, but that there *is* a purpose I have not the slightest doubt.

" History tells us of nations who out of feebleness have grown to strength, who have passed through infancy, manhood, old age and left behind them little but a memory and a name. It is true they have left lessons on the copybooks of Time, but war and plague and famine come on just the same and I doubt if present races or coming ones ever profit by the examples of the past.

" To-night you may be surprised to see that in spite of what I have said I still employ spells and incantations to aid me in obtaining the results I wish to attain. I do this to get more quickly the conditions necessary for my experiments, in other words I prepare the stage and set the lights for the unseen actors to more easily play their rôles."

" But this child whom you say is to be your medium to-night, is she not frightened by such preparations ? " I asked.

" No ! No ! " the old man replied quickly, " she knows nothing of them, I put her into a trance, she sees nothing, knows nothing, until I call her back to life.

" The young girl who is coming here to-night was a few years ago dying of consumption. I healed her lungs and restored her back to youth and strength. She worships me as her doctor, her saviour, after each trance she feels better. She is only too willing to come, you will see that for yourself."

" But out of your great store of knowledge, is there no other means that you could employ," I questioned.

" Not to get the same results," Zunklehorn answered quickly. " I have not got the power to materialize the voice as some mediums do. I have to employ an instrument—a living instrument with lungs and voice chords for the spirits to use. . . . I must stop now, the girl is at the door."

A timid knock and the girl entered. Perhaps I should not have called her a girl for the figure that came in looked little more than a child of ten, yet Zunklehorn had informed me earlier in his conversation she had reached the age of fourteen.

It would be difficult to describe her, she looked the most ethereal little creature I had ever seen. She had beautiful features, a head like a Greek cameo poised over graceful shoulders, fair hair that clung like a crown of gold and a pair of eyes like bits of a rain-washed sky at early dawn.

Rushing over to Zunklehorn she climbed up into the old man's arms like a child would who had been away from home for a long time.

It was a sight not easily forgotten, the old magician with his purple robe covered with signs of the Zodiac with his wrinkled face yellow with age pressed to the pale cheek of the little visitor.

" Mein Herr Docktor," she said as she kissed him, " I am so glad to come. I thought you were never going to send for me again. I have not felt strong lately—you will make me feel better, won't you, Mein Herr ? I want to grow up like other big girls and go out into the world and work and do great things."

There was a tone of sadness in the old man's voice as he said, " Yes ! little Fräulein must have a good sleep to-night, she will then feel better, but she has not noticed I have a visitor, a friend from the great City of London."

Without the slightest sign of timidity the little Fräulein came over and taking both my hands in hers, looked up wistfully into my eyes.

"Oh, kind gentleman," she said quaintly, "do tell me about London. I have pictures of it, books about it, I learned English so that I might one day go there. Will you take me with you when you go back?"

"I am afraid, little Fräulein, your Doctor Zunklehorn would never consent to that."

"Oh yes, he would. He would teach you how to put me to sleep—and perhaps he would come too—would you not, Mein Herr?"

"Perhaps later on it may be arranged, but in the meanwhile, little Fräulein, I want you to concentrate your mind on going to sleep now." The old man took her gently by the hand and laid her on a couch.

I had often at séances watched mediums going into a trance, but never before had I seen one who slipped so easily into a trance condition. Zunklehorn had only to make a few passes of his hands over her head when the frail little figure relaxed into a state of most absolute unconsciousness.

Then, and not before, the old magician drew aside the black curtains that concealed the upper part of the large studio. I saw he had made his preparations in advance for some unusual mystic ceremony, several braziers burning incense were already lighted. He traced a large circle of chalk which encompassed the low stool on which I was seated, turning out the lamps that illuminated the room he took his place in the centre of the circle and in a sing-song monotonous voice commenced an incantation in some language I could not understand, the only words I could grasp were "Adonai, Adonai," which seemed to finish each sentence.

At first the darkness appeared to be oppressive, then a gleam of pale greenish light appeared in the far corner of the room close to the sleeping girl. It grew stronger and stronger until it developed into a kind of pillar about the height of a man.

In a few moments it assumed a near approach to a human figure with an immense head out of proportion to the outlined body. As it grew closer and closer to the couch the body of the girl became convulsed and as suddenly a torrent of broken sentences seemed to burst from her mouth. She was speaking rapidly in German, but the only words I could catch were "Lord" and "Master," and then a murmured "I am at your service."

Zunklehorn ceased his incantations. In a deep sonorous voice he cried, "Speak, O Mighty Soul! Who art thou that cometh from the silent Beyond?"

Through the lips of the medium issued a deep authoritative voice:

"I am Frederick, called the Great, King of Prussia and Margrave of Brandenburg. Why callest thou me?"

I confess a strange thrilling sensation ran through my nerves as I now saw the ethereal form shaping more strongly. It was easy to recognize the resemblance to the classic figure of Frederick the Great, well known to everyone who has seen his portrait in the Berlin National Gallery.

Then followed a long interrogation between Zunklehorn and the apparition, the answers being delivered through the entranced medium, every word of which Zunklehorn wrote rapidly down.

In effect it was a solemn warning that the Kaiser and Germany were rushing headlong to disaster, that war was barely a year ahead, that it would come at the end of July, 1914, that the War-Lord would be overthrown in 1918, would go into exile and his dynasty fall in ruins. His fatal period was foreshadowed *to commence in* 1913, but the plunge toward destruction would not come till 1914.

The voice ceased, the apparation slowly faded away. Zunklehorn lit the lamps, pulled back the black curtains across the room as they had been before, taking the young girl tenderly in his arms he carried her into an adjoining chamber and left her there still in a deep sleep.

It was one of the most impressive manifestations I had ever attended. As I walked out into the night and was jostled by the crowds in the street on my way to my hotel, I could not help but marvel at the thinness of the veil that lies between the seen—and the unseen.

It is known to many that Zunklehorn endeavoured to get a warning through to the Kaiser, but being exiled from the Court he failed in his purpose. Germany was at the zenith of her power, Germany would conquer the world, was the cry on every side. Zunklehorn, who died in Berlin in 1917, just lived long enough to see his beloved Fatherland slipping nearer and nearer to the ruin that had been foretold him in that calm summer of 1913.

The little Fräulien never visited London; like so many other young German girls, frail as she was, she was drafted into Red Cross work and met her death by the bursting of an enemy shell on a base hospital in Belgium.

CHAPTER XII

MADAME GUTJEN SUND, THE SWEDISH MEDIUM, AND RASPUTIN

MADAME GUTJEN SUND was for many years famous as a medium in St. Petersburg. She had a large following in Court circles, and before the coming of Rasputin held séances daily with the Czar and Czarina. It was rumoured that it was Madame Sund who had been responsible for introducing Rasputin to the notice of the Czar. Another story is that it was Anna Vyronbova, the favourite Maid of Honour of the Czarina, who first brought " the Monk " to the Palace.

Madame Sund impressed me as being a simple kind-hearted woman who exercised a good influence on all those who came under her sway. She had undoubtedly remarkable powers in receiving messages from the so-called dead. In a trance condition she appeared to be just a simple instrument used by spirit after spirit to speak through.

Although only conversant with German and Russian, and her own language, Swedish, I often heard spirits speak through her in almost every other known tongue. On one occasion at a séance she gave to my friend the Foreign Minister, Monsieur Isvolsky, in his apartment overlooking the Winter Palace, a spirit speaking English insisted on talking to me. It was the well known "John King," famous in all spiritualistic circles.

This spirit in his earth life was William de Morgan, whom the English made Governor of Bermuda in order to prevent his ships raiding British merchantmen in the West Indies, as he had done Spanish treasure ships on their way home from Mexico and Peru.

From some reason I cannot explain "John King" appeared to take a deep interest in me, I could never attend a séance at which he did not make his presence manifest. He always addressed me as "Cheiro, my boy."

His deep voice at times became so loud that one could hear every word he said far beyond the séance room. On the occasion in question in the Minister Isvolsky's apartment, he spoke with extraordinary clearness on the Russian situation in the Russo-Japanese War. He foresaw that the Japanese would be victorious, and advised that peace should be concluded as quickly as possible. He foretold the coming "in a few years of a still more disastrous war in which the Romanoff dynasty would be completely destroyed."

At this prediction all laughed scornfully—such a thing could not possibly happen, everyone said.

" John King's " answer to this was, " Fate is already weaving her design to bring this about. Ten years from now the fatal period will commence." Then turning to the medium, he said in a very authoritative manner, " I warn you, Madame, that your hour is nearly up. You have met the man who will bring this about."

No one at the séance had the slightest idea that Madame Sund had met Rasputin only a few days before and had already brought him to the Palace of Peterhof.

One of Madame Sund's predictions was that " the little Czarevitch would not live to reach the throne."

Knowing how the minds of the Czar and Czarina had been influenced by her prediction, Rasputin, owing to his extraordinary hypnotic power, prevailed on her to go to the Empress and say that she had been mistaken, that she had been converted by a saintly Father who could work miracles and whom she believed could save the life of the Czarevitch.

The Czarina ordered her to bring Rasputin to the Palace at once. He came arrogant and impressive ; striding into the presence, he cried in his deep sonorous voice, " Repent ye who wear the purple ; repent ye who are clothed in garments of gold and silver."

The Empress was so impressed that she fell upon her knees and the Court entourage witnessed the amazing sight of the Consort of the Emperor of all the Russias kneeling before a wild-looking man in a monk's garb.

A few days later Rasputin's opportunity came. The Czarevitch had fallen ill with a fever that the Court physicians failed in their efforts to abate.

The Empress sent for Rasputin. He came more arrogant than ever. It was one of the doctors in attendance who described the scene to me. He said, " I was with the other physicians of the Court grouped around the bed of the heir to the throne who was gasping for breath. Suddenly Rasputin strode in. He made no sign that he saw the Czarina, but shouted ' Away unbelievers ! Away ! This is the work of faith ! '

" The startled physicians drew back as the Empress came forward. Kneeling before Rasputin, she cried, ' My Father—save my child ! '

" ' Turn out these dogs,' roared the Monk, sweeping his fiery glances round their outraged faces.

" At a sign from the Empress nearly all the doctors left the room, even Imperial etiquette hardly restraining them from shrugging their shoulders with disgust.

" Then, like Elisha who raised the widow's son, Rasputin bent his huge form over the little Czarevitch. He stretched himself in the position of a cross upon the Hope of Imperial Russia. The Empress, her hair falling about her shoulders, knelt at the foot of the bed, her mother's tears falling like rain.

" Then, the miracle happened.

" The physicians had said that natural sleep alone could save the child.

" Rasputin suddenly rose from the bed and stood before the Empress. ' Behold thy son ! ' he cried, his voice booming through the great apartment.

" The little Czarevitch was sleeping peacefully, his hands relaxed upon the gorgeous coverlet, the fiery flush of fever dying away upon his cheeks.

" In a burst of gratitude the Czar presented Rasputin with a million roubles ; the Czarina loaded him with gifts, but even more his influence was fixed—nothing could shake it now.

" Once in power he threw off Madame Sund. She died shortly after from some mysterious illness.

" Rasputin pronounced her epitaph, ' She had finished—my work has commenced.' "

As I have gone very fully in my recently published Memoirs* into details of Rasputin's career and his own extraordinary death at the hands of Prince Youssoupoff, I will not proceed further with the life of a man who played such an important rôle on the stage of Russian affairs when the dynasty of the long line of the Romanoffs was rushing to its doom.

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* "Confessions: Memoirs of a Modern Seer." Jarrolds, Ltd., London.

CHAPTER XIII

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE WITH EUSAPIA PALLADINO OF ITALY

THIS woman, who was considered the most famous physical medium of recent years, was a Neapolitan peasant, who from early childhood had shown herself possessed of extraordinary mediumistic powers.

Her phenomena was investigated by many of the most distinguished scientists of Italy, France, England and Germany, who came to the conclusion that her demonstrations were genuine manifestations from the spirit world or due to the working of some, up to now, unknown force.

In 1892, a group of scientists, including the Professors Schiaparelli, Brofferio, Gerso and M. Aksakoff, together with Professors Richet and Lombroso, held a series of investigations in Milan as to the manifestations of Palladino under the severest conditions imaginable.

The phenomena consisted of materialization of spirit hands, levitation of heavy tables and pieces of furniture within a radius of three to four feet and the fluctuation of the medium's weight of some seventeen pounds attested by a balance erected in the séance room.

A few years later, and especially in 1908 and 1909, her demonstrations were investigated at Cambridge, England, by Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. Ochoroweiz, Professor Sidgwick, and in Paris by Camille Flammarion, Professor Morselli and Monsieur and Madame Curie, who all came to the conclusion that they were in the presence of some mysterious unknown force.

My own personal experience with Palladino was somewhat unusual. When staying as a guest at the Villa La Florideana at Naples, the property of a rich American, Major Alexander Henry Davis, one Sunday afternoon our host asked his guests to decide " what amusement he should provide them ? "

As Palladino's name was in everyone's mind at that moment (1903–4) it was suggested that he would have her brought to the villa.

Nothing loath, Major Davis sent a carriage to fetch her, and in less than an hour she arrived.

We were seated in a library at the foot of a flight of white marble steps, a large handsome room with many windows giving a superb view over the famed Bay of Naples, when a footman announced Signora Eusapia Palladino.

All turned toward the entrance and saw a small, timid looking woman standing on the top of the marble steps.

Major Davis, speaking in Italian, bid her welcome and then, I am sorry to say, in a rather sneering way, said: " Signora, we have heard of your powers as ' a furniture mover,' so I have sent for you to show my guests some of your tricks. I suppose you will desire the curtains drawn and the place made as black as possible."

Very timidly the little woman said, " No, Signor, I sometimes get results equally well in the light as in the darkness, but I can promise nothing. I can only do the best I can to get you results."

Major Davis lit an unusually long cigar and withdrew to a position with his back against a heavy oak chest between two windows at the end of the room.

Palladino slowly descended the steps and in rather a frightened way, I thought, looked at the half a dozen spectators seated in various parts of the room.

I could not help feeling sorry for her, no matter what her powers of levitation might be, it seemed a rather cold-blooded ordeal for her to face that brilliantly lighted room with Major Davis at the far end with his piercing eyes watching every move she made, whilst the smoke from his big cigar seemed to form itself into a huge question mark above his head.

Major Davis was a very rich man who did not care what he paid for his amusements, but the sarcastic look in his eyes showed plainly that this time he considered he had lost his money and that nothing could possibly happen.

Palladino came a little nearer the centre of the room, her mouth was slightly open, her lips moving rapidly. To my mind she was silently praying, and perhaps she was.

Suddenly her eyes seemed attracted to a very large marble table that stood right before her. She stretched her hands in its direction, her whole appearance changed, instead of the timid little woman who had stood irresolute on the top of the steps a moment before, she was now drawn up to her full height with every member of her frail body at tension.

Then the extraordinary happened—in broad daylight everyone in the room saw two long lines of whitish matter proceed from her stretched out hands and reach the table.

I had of course had some experience of what is called " ectoplasm " especially in connection with experiments made by Sir William Crookes in London. It had been accorded by the many scientists who had witnessed demonstrations given by Palladino that she in some way possessed the power of producing " ectoplasm " to an extraordinary degree, but this was the first time I had ever seen the phenomena in full daylight.

But to resume, the moment the lines of whitish force touched the table it commenced to move. It was an unusually large weighty table, the entire top being formed of a solid piece of Carrara marble. At first it moved slowly, then more quickly, and to the astonishment of all it appeared to be impelled by some irresistible force in the direction of where Major Davis stood.

Palladino did not move from the position she had taken in the centre of the room, she stood still like a statue, her hands outstretched in the direction of the table but with a vacant expression in her eyes as if not interested in what was taking place.

The table was rapidly approaching Major Davis. He was still puffing his enormous cigar with an incredulous expression spreading over his face.

The end of the table finally reached his waistline and began steadily pressing him back against the oak table at his back. Major Davis was not a man to give in easily ; it was only when he found his will-power was unavailing that at last he cried for help. Sir Fletcher

Moulton, the eminent barrister, and I went to his assistance. We endeavoured to force the table back, but our united efforts were useless. We rang for the men-servants, four of them strong, hefty men ; they bent themselves to the task, but the pressure against the Major kept on increasing. What might have happened I do not know if I had not seized Palladino and dragged her frail form in between the end of the table and Major Davis. She appeared to be in a state of trance and did not seem to realize what was taking place, but the moment she put her hands against the table a reverse action commenced, and it slowly moved back and kept moving until it reached the centre of the room from where it had started.

Major Davis did not wish any further demonstration of " furniture moving " after that one experience.

CHAPTER XIV

SOME MODERN OCCULTISTS: MADAME BLAVATSKY, FOUNDER OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY was born at Ekalerinoslav on the 31st July (O.S.), 1831. She was the daughter of Colonel Peter Hahn, a member of a Mecklenburg family who had settled in Russia.

In her seventeenth year she married Nicephore Blavatsky, a man very much her senior, a Russian official of Caucasia, from whom she separated after a few months of married life. In her later years she described the marriage as a nominal one, whatever that may have meant.

During the following twenty years she travelled extensively in Canada, Mexico and India, making two attempts to enter Tibet.

She spoke vaguely of a seven years' sojourn in "Little and Great Tibet" and in a "Himalayan retreat." In 1858, when she was twenty-seven years of age, she returned to

Russia, where she created a good deal of sensation as a spiritualistic medium.

In her thirty-ninth year she became prominent among the spiritualists of the United States, where she resided for six years, becoming a naturalized American.

Five years later, in 1875, she conceived the idea of combining " spiritualistic control " with Buddistic legends about Tibetan sages. From that date she determined to exclude all control except that of Tibetan adepts or " Mahatmas."

She stated that these " Mahatmas " showed their astral bodies to her and " precipitated " messages which reached her in New York in an instant of time and enabled her to bring about the conversion of sceptics.

In New York on the 17th November, 1875, with the assistance of Colonel Henry Olcott, she founded the " Theosophical Society " with the object of forming a universal Brotherhood of Man to develop the divine powers latent in man.

From New York she retired to India for some time, then proceeded to London, where she founded the English branch of the Theosophical Society, and where she died on May 8th, 1891.

At her death she was the acknowledged head of a community of not less than 150,000 persons spread over all parts of the world.

Madame Blavatsky was one of the most remarkable women of modern times.

When I first met her at the Theosophical Headquarters in Avenue Road, where she lived, I was having my first season in London in 1889.

One afternoon, towards the end of March in that year, I received a message saying Madame Blavatsky would like me to call on her that evening at nine o'clock.

Without a moment's hesitation, I accepted. I considered myself highly honoured in being asked to meet such a remarkable woman, of whose doings the papers had been full for many years.

Punctually at the hour appointed, I arrived, and was immediately shown into a large *salon* by an elderly woman servant.

After a wait of perhaps ten minutes, heavy velvet curtains at the end of the room were drawn and disclosed the celebrated woman I had called to see, half reclining on a couch at the farther end of the inner *salon*.

" Cheiro," she said, in a soft melodious voice, " I am happy to receive you. I have heard of your success from many quarters, but as you are so young I fear your head will be turned by so much adulation. Do you realize from what source you derive your powers of prediction ? "

" No, Madame," I answered, " I fear I can only give the credit to long years of study and my most earnest desire to help those who come to consult me."

"Very well answered," she smiled, "but it does not cover the main issue. Do you not realize that you are nothing more or less than an 'incarnation' forced back to this existence to accomplish a work that you did not complete when you lived here before?"

"I am completely ignorant of such things, Madame," I replied. "I am a very humble seeker after knowledge of any form and shall be most happy for any enlightenment you will be good enough to give me."

"Sit down here," she said, and motioned me to a low chair by the side of her couch.

Then commenced a strange conversation, too complicated to give word by word, but one I have never forgotten.

Briefly, it was that she had received a communication that I was a reincarnation of the famous Cagliostro of the time of Louis XVI; that my career would be in a general way exactly similar to his; that I would influence Kings and Queens and the common people to believe in occultism as they would a religion, but that owing to the different age in which I lived I would travel farther afield than Cagliostro did and that the end of my life would be a very different one from his.

" I am glad of that," I smiled, " for from what I have read Cagliostro ended his days in a dungeon in Rome, or some say, committed suicide in his prison."

" Both suppositions are wrong, my friend," she said, with almost a sneer at my ignorance. " Cagliostro escaped from his captors, thanks to an elixir he carried secretly on his person. He used it at an appointed moment to simulate a state of death. His supposed dead body was carried from its cell and thrown into the Tiber by his guards of the San Leo Prison. He swam to the other side of the river and lived for a great many years after."

" But, Madame," I questioned, " if the great Cagliostro escaped he surely would not have been contented to live a life of oblivion from then to the end of his days."

" My friend," she replied, in a sad tone of voice, " you are too young to know what love means—you do not realize that Lorenza, the woman Cagliostro loved more than life itself, had died while he was in prison. It was for her alone he had lived—for her he had gained renown—for her he had won riches that she might have jewels. With her gone, nothing remained for him but oblivion ; he did not finish his duty to mankind. It is for that reason his spirit reincarnated in you."

" But, Madame," I said, " I could not in my wildest dreams imagine for one moment that I could follow in the footsteps of a man who reckoned kings as his friends, amassed great wealth, cured the sick and passed like some brilliant meteor across Europe. No, Madame, such a dream is too great."

" Listen," she smiled, " I can also make predictions. You are only half way through you first season in London and yet you have already made your name. You will also make friends of kings ; you will also become rich ; you will also cure the sick. In my vision I see you later on bending over crucibles, not to find the so-called ' elixir of life ' for yourself as Cagliostro did, but to extract from herbs and plants life-saving and curative remedies.

" When this will come about I do not know, but that it will come I am absolutely certain."

She spoke with such conviction in every tone of her voice that I felt it would be useless to bring up arguments against her views. I could only sit still and listen.

Like someone inspired, she went on with her predictions as to my future, but from fear of being thought egotistical I must refrain from quoting her words.

The part she had told me about Cagliostro made no influence on my mind ; I simply could not believe it.

As I rose to go she said : "Come again to-morrow and we will have a longer chat."

As I walked back to my rooms the same thoughts passed through my mind that I had after my first interview with the Right Honourable Arthur James Balfour, and others. A feeling of deep gratitude towards the study that brought me into contact with such remarkable people.

Up to then I had not read any of Madame Blavatsky's works such as "Isis Unveiled," the "Secret Doctrine," etc. I had simply heard of her through many of my clients and I marvelled at the kind interest she had shown towards me and looked forward with delight to meeting her again the following evening.

Punctually at nine o'clock I presented myself again at the house in Avenue Road. The famous woman welcomed me very warmly. Seated in a large arm-chair, she motioned me to a low seat at her side.

Pushing aside a mass of papers on a small table beside her, to my astonishment she held out both her hands. "Cheiro," she said, "I have heard so much of your accuracy in being able to foreshadow the end of one's life that I want you to tell me how much longer I must wait for my release."

" Madame," I stammered, " I would not dare. Besides you must know such things far better than I could tell you."

" I want to have some of my own theories confirmed," she answered. " Nothing you can say will be of any shock to me. Perhaps it will be of help to me. Under such conditions will you not make the effort ? "

I looked up—our eyes met. What wonderful eyes she had. They were both gentle and commanding at the same moment ; they seemed to look through me to my very soul.

Picking up a pencil she pointed to where the Line of Health appeared to cut through the Line of Life. " That is the end," she said, " but give me the exact year, or at least as near as you can. My date of birth was the late evening of July 31, 1831, at Ekalerinoslav, South Russia. In my seventeenth year I married in the beginning of 1849. What does your system of ' Fadic Numbers ' tell you from those figures ? "

" That the series of fours and eights hold the secrets of your life, Madame," I replied. " Let me explain."

Taking her pencil I jotted down 31st July. " Add the 3 and 1, you will find the final digit of four. Add the year of your birth—1831—13 or again 4 for the last figure. The opposition in the Zodiac to 31st July is the House of Saturn, called the 'House of the 8.' Your marriage in your seventeenth year also produced an 8, a most unhappy indication. The year 1849, if added together, makes 22, with its final digit of 4.

"On your hand the Line of Fate runs from the wrist to the base of the second finger, called the Mount of Saturn. The Line of Health cuts the Line of Life about your sixty-second year, but in your fifty-eighth year, governed by the number 4, you will have reached the fadic number of your birth sign, but your indomitable will power may carry you a little beyond that age, especially as at your date of birth your Sun, the Giver of Life, was then entering the House of Mercury negative."

Looking me straight in the eyes, she said, "Thank you, Cheiro, you have told me exactly what I want to know. For your own satisfaction I may tell you that since I passed into my fifty-eighth year last July, my strength has been rapidly failing. My heart has caused me considerable anxiety. Your warning will do me good, for I will now put my papers in order and prepare in earnest for the short time that lies before me."

Branching away from the subject we had discussed, just as if she had turned over the pages of a book, she entered into a short clear exposition of the doctrine of Theosophy, and explained many of the tenets of Hindu philosophy " I had come in contact with while I was in India."

Then, rather abruptly, she turned and said, " My friend, I would like you to become a member of the Theosophical Society. There is no time to be lost. Will you join now ? "

I was completely at a loss for a few moments for an answer. I knew well and deeply appreciated that this wonderful woman wanted to do me good, and yet I was not able to accept her kind proposition.

" Madame," I answered, " it may appear strange, but I made a resolve many years ago that I would keep independent of all sects, religions or communities, no matter how helpful they might be. I deeply appreciate your offer, but I cannot join any society whatever. I feel that in the interest of my particular line of work I must remain a ' lone wolf ' to the end."

Madame Blavatsky remained silent for a few moments, then very quietly said, " Perhaps you are right. Perhaps by remaining independent, you may escape the petty jealousies that underlie all societies and organizations. A ' lone wolf ' may have its compensation, after all."

I never met this remarkable woman again. The following year I went to America and while there read in the papers of her death two years later.

Before she passed away she did me one more kindness. She sent me a card of introduction to Mrs. Annie Besant, who was destined some years later to take her place as head of the Theosophical Society.

CHAPTER XV

MRS. ANNIE BESANT, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, MRS. KATHERINE TINGLEY AND KRISHNAMURTI

THERE is perhaps no woman in the annals of modern occultism, outside of Madame Blavatsky, more well known than Annie Besant, who from her election in 1907 was for twenty-six years the acknowledged head of the Theosophical Society of Great Britain and India, until her death in September, 1933.

I met Mrs. Besant by an introduction from Madame Blavatsky and took impressions of her curiously interesting hands on 22nd July, 1894, which I published in my well-known work "Cheiro's Language of the Hand," the following year.

The commencement of this remarkable woman's life was not one that would have led most people to imagine that she was destined by Fate to become a leader of an occult community that under her guidance would exercise an enormous influence in all parts of the world. At the commencement of her presidency in 1907 there were only eleven sections, or national societies, representing Theosophy. By the time of her death, in 1933, she had added no less than thirty-six branches to the original society.

Annie Besant was born in London on the morning of October 1st, 1847, in the Zodiacal Sign of Libra, the Balance, negative House of Saturn and Venus, with an opposition of Mars in Aries from the other side of the Zodiac. Her father, Mr. Wm. Pagewood, although English by birth, had a good deal of Irish blood in his veins. Mrs. Besant's mother was Irish and she always referred to her Irish descent with a great deal of pride.

In her twentieth year in 1867, she married the Reverend Frank Besant, who later became the vicar of a country parish in the North of England. Six years later in 1873, she obtained a separation by order of the Courts, but the marriage continued in name until the death of her husband in 1917. This marriage ended in discord owing to her challenging tenets of the Church of England and becoming a "free thinker." One of the most sensational episodes of her early life was her association with the famous Charles Bradlaugh, a "free thinker," whom she met for the first time in 1874, which association resulted in the sensational prosecution before the Law Courts two years later when both were convicted and sentenced to a heavy fine and imprisonment for the publication of a pamphlet advocating the "Malthus Doctrine" of birth control.

This severe sentence was ultimately set aside on a technical point, after one of the most brilliant pleadings of justification by Bradlaugh and Annie Besant that was ever heard in a Court of Law.

Mrs. Besant's alliance with the famous "free thinker," Charles Bradlaugh, lasted for the following ten years and was only terminated when, to the astonishment of thousands, she became a member of the Theosophical Society and a pupil of Madame Blavatsky.

From this on, she employed her gift of eloquence as a public speaker and her many other talents in the interests of furthering the tenets of her new religion. After the death of her teacher, Madame Blavatsky, she was unanimously elected President of the Theosophical Society in 1907.

Mrs. Besant travelled extensively, doing considerable lecture work in the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and India.

The unfortunate conditions of India attracted her sympathies, so much so that in 1893 she practically made her home in Adyar, Madras, where she passed away on 20th September, 1933, within a few days of her eighty-sixth year.

She went through a curious experience shortly before her death, being for some days in an unconscious condition from which she was at times aroused by the power of a Theosophical circle of friends who sat in a circle around her, transmitting their life forces to her until she died.

Mrs. Besant's interest in India and the Hindu race in general became so great, that she founded the Central Hindu College at Benares, established the Indian Home Rule League, and became its leader in 1916. In 1917 she was made president of the Indian National Congress.

In her latter years, her influence over the native population became so powerful that had she been twenty years younger she would have proved a serious menace to the English Administration of India.

Mrs. Besant was a reformer and a " fighter " in every sense of the term. She did not know what fear meant. She courted opposition and in many ways encouraged it.

She was attacked by calumny and scandal as few other women have been, but such things never seemed to effect her or cause her to deviate one iota from her purpose.

At times she encountered great opposition even among her co-Theosophists. At about the period of her coming into prominence, the split between the American and English Societies began. After the death of Madame Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, an important lawyer in New York, claimed the leadership and attempted to back up his claim by the production of a document which bore the imprint of a mystic seal of one of the Master Mahatmas in India. The original of this seal was supposed to be kept in a steel safe at the head-quarters of the Society in London, and the document was denounced as a forgery.

William Q. Judge in New York met the attack on his reputation by the statement that the seal on his document, although exactly similar to the one in London, had been placed on it by means of mystical transference from India.

The truth of the matter, as far as I know was never cleared up, but Mr. Judge became leader of the Society in New York.

At about the time of this dispute, I was living in New York, when, one afternoon William Q. Judge, accompanied by a remarkably handsome woman appeared in my waiting room and requested an interview.

As no names of my consultants were ever asked or given, I had no means of knowing that the man who entered was even then the duly appointed head of the Theosophical Society of America.

I was, however, much struck by his magnetic dominant personality and pleased him by stating that at that period of his life he had reached the climax of whatever his ambition was; but I added whatever the honour might be it would be of short duration, as "you have already reached the last chapter of your life."

The effect of my words on the heavily built man before me was decidedly startling. He fell back in his chair in a dead swoon.

Helped by my secretary and the lady who accompanied him, after five or ten minutes we got him back to himself, and then to my amazement, instead of leaving at once he insisted on my examining the lady's hands.

"She is a year younger than I am," he said. "What do you see for her future?"

"The year we are in (1896) will be one of the most important in her life," I answered. "If it should be that this lady is in any way associated with whatever your work is, she will take your place and carry on that work to even greater success than you could do. She will also live to a very great age."

I was so much struck by the woman's strong personality that I asked if I might make some impressions of her hands. She willingly assented and signed the copies "Katherine A. Tingley, 30th May, 1896."

It was then the man said, " It may interest you, 'Cheiro,' to know that I am William Q. Judge and that you have predicted for this lady that she is destined to follow me as the head of the Theosophical Society of New York. I congratulate our Society on your choice, but hope that your prediction regarding me may be wrong."

A few months later William Q. Judge died suddenly from a heart attack, and in the same year Katherine A. Tingley succeeded him as President of the Society.

Mrs. Tingley became a great power in Theosophical circles. In 1900 she established a colony on a large estate she bought at Point Loma, California, where she built the Raja Yoga College and Theosophical University together with an open-air Greek Theatre, which is one of the most beautiful in the United States.

The last time I saw Mrs. Tingley was when she came to lecture in London in the winter of 1927–28. She was then in her seventy-fifth year and apparently in excellent health. She died two years later in Sweden, from the effects of an automobile accident.

We will now return to where I left off in my story of Mrs. Annie Besant.

Mrs. Besant's last visit to America took place in 1926. At the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Theosophical Society she stated at Madras, India, that it had been revealed to her that another reincarnation of the Christ was about to be made manifest, and that reincarnation, she believed, would be her protégé Krishnamurti.

On their arrival together in New York the following year, newspaper reporters asked Krishnamurti, "Do you believe that you are the second Christ?"

He replied, "No, but I believe that I am the new vehicle for the world teacher."

Five years later Krishnamurti broke away from Mrs. Besant and began teaching on his own. There are some who assert that this was a blow from which she never quite recovered. I cannot agree with this idea, for to my own personal knowledge they remained the best of friends to the end.

I had the good fortune to meet Mrs. Besant on the many occasions on which she revisited London. On one of these visits we spoke on the same platform at the Psychic Club in Regent Street. Like Madame Blavatsky she always urged me to become a member of the Theosophical Society, but rightly or wrongly, I always stuck to my idea of the "lone wolf."

At Mrs. Besant's death the Society of which she was the head, received a severe blow. Who will be her successor is a question that only Fate can answer.

Krishnamurti I do not think has any desire to take on such a responsibility. I have had the pleasure of meeting him in California and taking impressions of his hands for my collection.

He is a remarkable personality, endowed with an intelligence beyond ordinary mortals and yet so simple and gentle a nature that one wonders at the enormous influence he exercises over the throngs that drive long distances to hear him every Sunday.

He has pitched his camp, for the present at least, in a beautiful place called Ojai, about twenty miles north of Los Angeles. Here, amid the solitude of the Californian Hills where perpetual summer covers them with flowers all the year round, this young Hindu teacher preaches his philosophy to the hundreds of tired men and women who come out from the surrounding cities to hear him.

By nature, young Jeddu Krishnamurti is so independent in spirit that he will not permit himself to be shackled by creeds, dogmas or societies. He is a law unto himself—a strange being preaching the Gospel of Love to all, " a voice in the wilderness," perhaps, but one whose echoes may spread very far and very wide.

CHAPTER XVI

SIR OLIVER LODGE AND CAMILLE FLAMMARION

SIR OLIVER LODGE was born at Penkhull, Staffordshire, England, on 12th June, 1851. In his twenty-first year he entered University College, London, graduating as Doctor of Science five years later.

From that out he rapidly gained recognition as one of the great scientific men of the day.

It is not as generally known as it should be, that Sir Oliver Lodge was the inventor of the " coherer " which later made wireless telegraphy possible.

He was elected President of the Society for Psychical Research in 1901, which position he held for three years.

In 1902 he was knighted by King Edward VII. For nineteen years he held the position of Principal of the Birmingham University until his resignation in 1919. He was the author of numerous works on electricity and scientific subjects, but his publications immediately after the Great War were more devoted to psychical research than to anything else.

The book that brought him the greatest amount of publicity, and also criticism, was "Raymond," published in 1916, on account of its revealing spirit communications between Sir Oliver and his son Raymond, killed in the early years of the War.

I had the honour of meeting this remarkably great man in the spring of 1913. At that time he was only interested in a general way in psychic matters, brought under his notice during his term as President of the Society for Psychical Research. He was, however, deeply interested in my study of hands, and many long talks we had at different times on the subject.

Then came the Great War with its terrible toll of death to so many families. Sir Oliver's was not spared, and the son he loved intensely, Raymond, was killed during 1915.

The effect of Raymond's death was remarkable. This great scientist whose brain for long years had been trained to only accept the most solid evidence of material facts, found himself suddenly brought face to face with manifestations, apparently from the spirit world, that at first appeared incompatible with his scientific beliefs.

I shall never forget how he explained to me, how simply and quietly these manifestations commenced; how one evening sitting with his wife, Lady Lodge, in the library of his home just outside of Birmingham, some very faint raps commenced on a piece of furniture at the other end of the room.

By the simple means of calling out the letters of the alphabet, a name was spelt out—it was that of Raymond.

From that evening out a long series of communications commenced, which Sir Oliver, with his scientific training, jotted down in orderly fashion. Clear cut information from time to time was given as to the circumstances of Raymond's death and matters regarding his private affairs, all of which Sir Oliver took pains to verify.

Then one evening came the most important message of all. It was the name and address of a medium in London through which Raymond said he could more easily communicate.

Sir Oliver obeyed the wish of his dead son, and for months had regular appointments with the medium, Mrs. Leonard, the result being the publication of the book " Raymond " in 1916.

The issue of this book made a world-wide sensation. It was quoted and commented on, in perhaps every language. Coming as it did from the pen of England's most justly celebrated scientific man, it appeared as a bombshell to scientists and sceptics alike.

Sir Oliver's action in publishing such a book was fiercely criticized. Many writers in the press who knew nothing about such a subject, but who believed themselves called on to advise their befuddled readers, were loudest in their hostility. Some went so far as to claim that the death of his son had turned the great man's brain; some even demanded that such a book be suppressed, but Sir Oliver "stood by his guns" and did not retract one word. He followed this publication by others; "Evolution and Creation" (1927), "Science and Human Progress" (1928), and "Beyond Physics" (1931).

Sir Oliver had many other interests outside of his psychic investigations, one of which was his belief in harnessing the power of the atom.

I shall never forget a memorable afternoon I passed with him in the gardens of his home at Edgbaston, on the outskirts of Birmingham. We had just returned from a visit to his private laboratory at the University, when in telling me of some of his recent experiments, he made the positive statement; "My friend, before many years will pass the 'atom' by some investigator will be exploded by a high voltage of electricity and its enormous power released for the benefit of mankind."

This prediction in the last few years has been fulfilled by a demonstration made by Professor Miliken of the California Technical University.

Sir Oliver is to-day in his eighty-third year, but his faculties are as full of energy and activity as ever.

CAMILLE FLAMMARION

THE CELEBRATED FRENCH ASTRONOMER

Camille Flammarion, the famous French astronomer's name, is too world renowned to require any introduction from me.

This remarkable man, the author of numerous scientific works on the heavens, was born in Haute-Marne, France, in 1842. He reached the good age of eighty-three, passing to his long rest in 1925.

One of his first books published in 1862, when he was only in his twentieth year, caused a considerable sensation. It was called "La Pluralite des Mondes Habites" (The Number of Inhabited Worlds) and in a few years reached its thirty-fourth edition.

The list of books to his credit would be too long to give in these pages, but in his advancing years it is noticeable that all of them are tinged with mysticism, of which he was a sincere and devoted disciple.

In 1904 there came from his pen "The

Unknown and Psychic Problems"; in 1907, "Mysterious Psychic Forces," and in 1920, 1921 and 1922, his most startling book "Death and its Mystery," and "At the Moment of Death," running into three parts. Later still he published, in 1923, "Dreams of an astronomer," and his last book, the year before he died, "Haunted Houses," in 1924.

While I was living in Paris in 1900, I was introduced by my old friend, the Marquis D'Oyley, to the famous astronomer, and a few days later I received an invitation to go and dine with him and Madame Flammarion *en famille* in their apartment close to the celebrated Observatory in Juvisy close to Paris.

After dinner both my host and hostess were anxious for me to examine their hands, and it was long past midnight before I left.

As a souvenir of that evening, the famous astronomer gave me a copy of one of his books called "Uranie," which had just been published, on the front page of which he wrote "Au Savant Cheiromancien 'Cheiro' sympathique homage, Flammarion."

A few weeks later he invited me to pass an evening with him in the Observatory at Juvisy and see through, what was then, one of the most powerful telescopes, some of those planets and outer worlds we had talked over at the dinner.

It was a memorable evening for me ; for hours I had one of the greatest astronomers of the world at my side explaining to me the mysteries of the heavens as he alone was able to do.

Finally from the wonders of Nature, our conversation turned to the question of " Life after Death," and my host listened with rapt attention to some of my experiences in spirit manifestations and experiments I had witnessed at the house of Sir William Crookes in London.

He paid me the compliment of saying that I had focused his attention on a subject of universal interest to all classes which would influence him when he came to write his next book. His next work was " Unknown and Psychic Problems," followed by " Mysterious Psychic Forces." As these volumes deal with many of the subjects we discussed at various times together, I have the hope that I was even in a small way instrumental in influencing his views.

CHAPTER XVII

HINDU MYSTICS: THE FAKIR WHO WAS BURIED ALIVE AND A TIGER KILLED BY HYPNOTISM

THERE was published in histories of India for the nineteenth century, an account of a " wonder worker " called Sadhu Haridas who allowed himself to be buried underground in the earth for a period of forty days in the year 1837, in order to demonstrate his domination over the life forces of his body.

This extraordinary demonstration took place at the Palace of the Maharajah Ranjeet Singh at Lahore.

The account runs as follows: " The mystic, Sadhu Haridas, was buried in the ground in the presence of the Maharajah, his entire court and before a number of English and French doctors, who were invited for the occasion. The mystic placed himself in a sitting position and was covered over and sewn up in cerecloth, rather like the way Egyptian mummies were prepared for burial.

" After this, the body was placed inside of a large wooden case which was strongly riveted down, the Maharajah's own private seal being placed on the lid. The case was next lowered into a brick vault previously built for the purpose, and filled over with earth, as is the manner of a regular grave.

" Corn was sown on the earth which later grew and sprang up during the period of the mystic's interment.

A battalion of troops was placed in charge, four sentries mounting guard over the grave day and night.

" At the end of the forty days, the grave was opened and the Sadhu disinterred in the presence of the Maharajah, his court and the English and French doctors who had been previously present at his interment."

An Englishman who attended on both occasions, took notes of the extraordinary demonstration, which were published in a magazine called *The Word* in May, 1911.

He says, " On the approach of the appointed time for the disinterment, and according to invitation, I accompanied the Maharajah Ranjeet Singh to the spot where the Fakir had been buried. It was in a square building called a ' barra-durra ' in the middle of one of the gardens adjoining the Palace at Lahore, with an open veranda all around having an enclosed space in the centre.

" On arriving there, Ranjeet Singh, who was attended by the whole of his court, dismounting from his elephant, asked me to join him in examining the place to satisfy himself that it was closed as he had left it. We did so. There had been a door on each of the four sides of the enclosed space, three of which were perfectly closed with brick and mortar. The fourth had a strong door, which had also been closed up and sealed with the private seal of the Maharajah in his own presence when the Fakir was interred. The exterior of the tomb presented no aperture by which air could be admitted nor any communication held, or by which food could be conveyed to the Fakir. The walls also round the enclosed space bore no mark whatever of having been recently disturbed.

" Ranjeet Singh recognized the seal as the one which he had affixed, and as he was as sceptical, as any European could be, of the success of such an experiment, to guard as far as possible against any collusion, he had placed two companies of his own escort to guard the place, from which four sentries were furnished and relieved every two hours, night and day.

" At the same time, he ordered one of the principal officers of his court to visit the place occasionally and to report the result of his inspection to him, while he himself kept the seal which closed the padlock, and received a report, morning and evening, from the officer on guard.

" After our examination, we seated ourselves opposite the entrance, while some of Ranjeet Singh's people dug away the walls, and one of his officers broke the seal and opened the padlock.

" When the door was thrown open, nothing but a dark vault was to be seen. Ranjeet Singh and myself entered it, in company with the servant of the Fakir ; and, a light being brought, we descended about three feet below the floor of the vault into a sort of cell, where a wooden box, about four feet long by three feet broad, containing the Fakir, was placed upright, the door of which had also a padlock and seal similar to that on the outside wall.

" On opening it, we saw a figure enclosed in a bag of white linen, fastened by a string over the head, on the exposure of which a grand salute was fired and the surrounding multitude came crowding to see the spectacle.

" After they had gratified their curiosity, the Fakir's servant, putting his arms into the box, took the figure out, and closing the door, placed it with its back against it, exactly as the Fakir had been squatted (like a Hindu idol) in the box itself.

" Ranjeet Singh and myself then descended into the cell, which was so small that we were only able to sit on the ground in front of the body, and so close to it as to touch it with our hands and knees.

" The servant then began pouring warm water over the figure ; but as my object was to see if any fraudulent practices could be detected, I proposed to the Maharajah to tear open the bag and have a perfect view of the body before any means of resuscitation were employed. I accordingly did so, and may here remark, that the bag, when first seen by us, looked mildewed, as if it had been buried some time. The legs and arms of the body were shrivelled and stiff, the face full, the head reclining on the shoulder, like that of a corpse. I then called to the medical gentleman who was attending me, to come down and inspect the body, which he did, but could discover no pulsation of the heart, the temples or the arm. There was, however, a heat about the region of the brain, which no other part of the body exhibited.

" The servant then commenced bathing the figure in hot water, and gradually, relaxing his arms and legs from the rigid state in which they were contracted, Ranjeet Singh taking his right and I his left leg, to aid by friction in restoring them to proper action ; during which time the servant placed a hot wheaten cake, about an inch thick, on the top of the head, a process which he twice or thrice renewed. He then pulled out of his (the Mystic's) nostrils and ears, the wax and cotton with which they were stopped, and after great exertion opened his mouth by inserting the point of a knife between the teeth, and while holding the jaws open with his left hand, drew the tongue forward with his right, in the course of which the tongue flew back several times to its curved position upward, in which it had originally been, so as to close the gullet.

"The servant next rubbed the eyelids with ghee (or clarified butter) for some seconds, until he succeeded in opening them, when the eyes appeared quite motionless and glazed. After the hot cakes had been applied for the third time to the top of the head, the body was violently convulsed, the nostrils became inflated, respiration ensued and the limbs began to assume a natural fulness; but the pulsation was still but faintly perceptible. The servant then put some of the 'ghee' on his tongue and made him swallow it. A few minutes afterwards the eyeballs became dilated, and recovered their natural colour.

"When the Fakir, recognizing Ranjeet Singh sitting close to him, articulated, in a low sepulchral tone, scarcely audible, "Do you believe me now?' The Maharajah replied in the affirmative, and invested the Fakir with a pearl necklace, a superb pair of gold bracelets, and pieces of silk and muslin forming what is termed a 'Khelat,' such as is usually conferred by the Princes of India on persons of distinction.

"From the time of the box being opened to the recovery of the voice, not more than half an hour could have elapsed; and in another half hour, the Fakir talked with myself and those about him freely, though feebly, like a sick person. Then we left him, convinced that there had been no fraud or collusion in the exhibition we had witnessed.

"I share entirely in the apparent incredulity of the fact of a man's being buried alive and surviving the trial for various periods of duration, but, however incompatible with our knowledge of physiology, in the absence of any visible proof to the contrary, I was bound to declare my belief in the facts which I have presented, however impossible their existence may appear to others."

This published account encourages me to relate a very similar demonstration which I witnessed myself during my stay in India.

At the place I was stopping, about eighty miles north of Bombay, it was the custom every few months for passing Fakirs and Yogis to rest for a few days, and on some occasions give exhibitions of their power.

One morning a Yogi, a very old man, regarded with almost sacred reverence by the natives. came on a self-appointed mission from some far off part of North India.

In return for kindness shown him, he proposed to give an exhibition of his power to suspend the life of the body, only in his case he fixed the length of time of his burial by the period measured from the new moon to the rise of the next, or twenty-nine days and twelve hours. In nearly every other way the proceedings took place as told in the Englishman's published account, except that the experiment I am about to relate happened in the open country on the side of one of the Western Ghats.

For twenty-four hours previous to the "burial" the Yogi took no food of any kind whatever, but appeared to be absorbed in deep meditation. He gave instruction for small pieces of cotton to be placed in his nostrils, his ears, on his eyes and across his lips. The body was not bound up in any way, but was naked with only a loin cloth over the hips.

When all was ready a grave, which I measured as four feet deep, was dug in the earth, and the body of the man, apparently in a state of coma or trance condition, was carefully lowered and placed lengthwise in the grave.

His last words were instructions to a Brahmin priest, who had taken charge of the operation, to see that the burial place would be opened on a night when the first rays of the next new moon appeared shining on the ridge of a mountain on the other side of the valley.

It was a weird sight, that burial near midnight under a sky brilliant with stars, with the crescent of the new moon just appearing over the hills on the opposite side of the mountain.

It affected me deeply, for I must confess I honestly did not believe the old man would come back to life again, so much so that I could not resist the feeling to gather some wild flowers and throw them in as the first shovelful of earth was dropped on the body.

In my hearts of hearts I had come to the conclusion that the old man was simply committing suicide and had chosen a sentimental way of carrying it out.

When the grave was closed in, some parties of men took it on themselves to keep guard over it night and day. To satisfy myself that it would not be disturbed, I planted some roots of flowers down the centre; just hardy wild flowers that were growing in profusion on the open hill-side.

Long before the end of the twenty-nine days the grave had become covered with vegetation.

Finally the night arrived when, from calculations made by the Brahmin priest, the new moon would shine over the ridge of hills and the moment would have arrived for the opening of the tomb.

All was in readiness. Just as the crescent appeared for the first time, several willing helpers rapidly opened the grave and gently lifted the body out and laid it on the side in such a way that the light of the steadily increasing new moon would fall on the face of the old man.

With the help of the Brahmin I picked the pieces of cotton out of the nostrils, ears and eyes and moistened the lips with cold water from time to time.

For quite a long period there was no sign whatever of life, yet the limbs had not in any way stiffened and there was no evidence of putrefaction having set in.

The Brahmin and a helper commenced slowly moving the arms up and down and massaging the spine between the shoulders and the base of the head.

Suddenly the lids of the eyes opened, then the teeth were unclenched and a slight tremor passed through the body from the feet upwards to the head. Equally suddenly I detected a movement in the heart and a faint pulse throb at the wrists. Another tremor passed through the body, much stronger than the first, then another and another, followed by a violent convulsion ; the eyes became filled with light ; the lips made an effort to speak and in a few moments, as if coming out of a trance, the old mystic sat up and looked round.

To me it was a most impressive spectacle, one that words cannot possibly describe. The early dawn was breaking over the hills as the old man came back to life.

On many other occasions, while I was in India, I was permitted to witness examples of the occult powers possessed by what should be rightly called " the Mystics of India."

The word fakir, as applied by Westerners, does not give a fair or just description of these " wonder workers," in that almost unknown land to foreigners.

The " Encyclopædia Britannica," in its thirteenth edition, gives the definition of the word Fakir as a derivation from the Arabic " faqir," meaning " poor," and goes on by stating that it has come to be especially applied to the Hindu devotees and ascetics of India. It describes two classes of Indian Fakirs, the religious orders and the nomads who infest the country. It proceeds to say, "The ascetic orders resemble the Franciscans of Christianity. The bulk lead really excellent lives in Monasteries, which are centres of education and poor relief, while others go out to visit the poor as "Gurus" or teachers.

"These orders are of a very ancient date, owing their establishment to the ancient Hindu rule, followed by the Buddhists, that each 'twice born' man should lead the life of an ascetic."

It was this latter class I had the privilege of meeting during my sojourn in India, although I also met at times the "nomads" who also performed marvellous feats of "mind over matter" in their exhibitions of indifference to pain in passing through fire, sleeping on beds of sharp nails, holding their arms above their heads until the muscles atrophied, starving themselves almost to death, and such like tests of will power.

These "nomad-Fakirs" are a much maligned class by foreigners, who employ the word to denote "fakes" of every description. Of the religious orders I came into contact with I cannot speak too highly; their members lead strictly moral lives, a brilliant example to priests of all countries.

Many of these mystics wander through the land as missionaries, receiving no payment for anything they do, healing the sick by their knowledge of herbs, nursing the poor and showing an example of high spiritual lives that cannot be equalled.

On account of my sympathy with the Hindus as a race, and my deep appreciation of many points of the Brahman religion, I was privileged to witness some of their ceremonies, as a rule prohibited to foreigners.

On one occasion I was allowed to remain in an underground temple to see an unusual occult experiment being carried out.

To put it briefly, without wasting time in description, a number of high-caste Brahmans were gathered at midnight in one of those ancient cave temples that are found in so many parts of India.

The ceremony took place at the foot of a huge carved image of Siva the Destroyer, who in another of his attributes is also called " the Giver of Life."

Twelve men formed a circle, lying at full length on the floor of the temple. The only light illuminating the place came from a shaft pierced in the dome of solid rock immediately over the head of the god. This shaft permitted the light of the skies both day and night to fall on the polished marble image and from it to be defused by reflection to all sides of the temple. Even at seasons when there is no moon in the heavens, the brilliancy of the stars in India is so great that a considerable amount of light may thus be reckoned on.

On the night in question a full moon directly overhead rendered the darkest corners of the immense temple clearly discernible.

At the commencement of the ceremony the outstretched hands of the twelve men were lightly joined by the finger tips touching one another. A curious chant in a low-pitched key swung round the circle, alternating from one body to the other. To describe this more clearly, I would say every second man gave vent to a note which on reaching the point where it had began was taken up and repeated by another alternate man, and so on, but changing each time into a higher key. At the end of every seventh round the note was sounded by all together in one harmonious unison followed by a moment of the most intense silence.

After this had proceeded for some time the twelve men appeared listening, as it were, for some answer.

Outside, in the brilliant moonlight, I could see the wide shelf of rock at the entrance to the temple, brilliant with light. Farther away on the hill-side stretched a dark forest of trees that seemed to cover the entire mountain.

Can it be, I thought, that an answer is expected to come out of that impenetrable jungle ? but that was exactly what happened.

At the end of one of those chants that swung round in a circle, and in the middle of one of those pauses of silence, *came the cry of a tiger.*

Again the chant swung round ; again the pause, and *again* the cry of the tiger.

Time after time the same thing was repeated, but each time the tiger seemed to have been drawn nearer and still nearer.

Suddenly, without warning, on the wide ledge of rock at the entrance, the form of a tiger appeared.

He was a magnificent specimen, the largest I had ever seen. He stood out on the shelf in the brilliant moonlight without moving except for the angry lash of his tail from side to side.

Again the chant broke out louder than ever, again the pause, a low growl and the animal moved a few paces nearer.

Is it possible, I thought, that the intention is to draw that mountain tiger, the fiercest of its kind, into the temple ? I was petrified with fear and crept back under the huge image for protection.

The head of the tiger was now inside the entrance. In the semi-darkness its eyes glared like balls of fire.

Again the chant, again the silence, and the animal drew a *few steps nearer*.

In a short time his approach grew slower and slower; he seemed to be *dragged* forward by some irresistible force over which he had no control.

For the first time I now noticed that the naked body of a Hindu boy lay on the stone floor within the wide circle of human forms. He appeared dead or in a state of trance, I could not tell which. He was very slight and young, about five years of age, I judged.

Again I wondered what could the meaning of it all be.

To cut matters short, after each repetition of the chant, the tiger seemed drawn nearer the circle, but now his forward movements could almost be measured by inches.

Another change had taken place, the balls of fire which had been his eyes were no longer glowing with anger. From time to time they appeared to close, while his large head slunk downward as if he wanted to sleep.

Foot by foot the irresistible force dragged him closer to his human enemies. He was soon between the feet of the nearest man, *and still he went forward*.

The chant continued; it had now grown low and subdued, almost like a long drawn-out moan or wail.

The tiger appeared drawn nearer and nearer to the body of the boy lying motionless in the centre of the circle.

Then the amazing thing happened. The animal, apparently stupefied, dazed, or in a hypnotic state, dragged itself over the form of the boy and slowly crouched down on top of him.

And still the monotonous chant went on and on.

How long this went on I cannot say, the moon had gone down, its last rays sinking in the west, when one of the Brahmins suddenly sprang up and in an instant had rolled the tiger off the boy and threw him over on his back. The animal did not move; the Brahmin forced open his jaws; it gave no sign of life; in some extraordinary way the beast was dead.

The other Brahmins now crowded round. With one stroke of a knife they ripped the body open, the entrails were taken out and, carefully lifting the boy, they placed him *inside the tiger* and left him there until the dawn stole in over the entrance and flooded the place with light.

Hours perhaps passed. A movement appeared in the carcass of the tiger; it became stronger and stronger; the boy forced his way out and stood up wiping the blood of the animal from his naked form.

The older Brahmin of the group, speaking in the lad's own language, explained to him that *he had been born again in the tiger's body*, and from henceforth he would dominate these mountain beasts wherever they might be found.

And still I did not understand.

Some hours later I noticed the Brahmins had dressed themselves in their best robes. My friend, the older man, came to me and said I could accompany them if I wished.

It was still very early in the morning when we arrived at a nearby village, where a large concourse of people had assembled. Some important feast to various gods was in progress. The great throng was composed of all kinds of sects and representatives of many religions. I knew by the different head-dress and caste marks that followers of Buddha, Brahma, Jains, Sikhs and devotees of Siva and Vishnu were well represented.

In a large hollow at the outside of the village the crowds were especially dense.

Taking the little boy by the hand, the older Brahmin of our group forced his way to the centre.

Speaking in Hindu (which he later translated to me), in a loud, commanding voice he addressed the multitude.

After an introductory preamble he announced that he, as a representative of the religion of Brahma, had come to give an exhibition of the power of his god.

To put it briefly, he said, the greatest enemy of the people was the fierce mountain tiger. In the last few months many hundreds of lives had been sacrified to them, and a short distance away an entire village had been abandoned on account of their raids.

He then called on the natives to go out as "beaters" in the surrounding jungle and drive in as many tigers as they could find.

Some hundred men obeyed the command, forming a wide circle through the forest and jungle. In a short time they had driven into the enclosure about six or eight savage looking beasts.

The crowds fled before them in terror. At an opportune moment the Brahmin led the boy forward and bending down, said a few words to him.

Without the slightest semblance of fear the lad advanced towards an extra large tiger who had approached nearest to the people. The beast, with an ugly growl, crouched down as if about to spring. Then, as the boy came nearer the beast tossed back his head and appeared to sniff the air. The boy went still nearer, the tiger advanced to meet him.

The huge crowd grew silent, they seemed tense, with dread. The other tigers came closer and still closer, till the lad stood in the midst of them, *and nothing happened*.

Perhaps it was they sensed in the aura of the boy the aura of their dead companion ; perhaps it was some form of hypnotism ; perhaps it was the lack of fear on the part of the boy. One could keep on with conjecture after conjecture without reaching a solution of the miracle.

I can only say I left that scene with a deep admiration for the wonders performed by " the holy men of India."

It was a victory for Brahma and the religion his devotees represented.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE STRANGE CLAIRVOYANCE OF POPE PIUS IX

DURING the ceremony in Rome for the beatification and canonization of Pope Pius IX during April, 1928, considerable discussion was excited over the prophecies and clairvoyant powers of this very remarkable Pope who occupied the " Throne of St. Peter " from 1846 to 1878.

Continuing the researches of Monseigneur Cani, His Eminence Cardinal Ragonesi collected a great quantity of relative documents which he presented to the Congregation of Rites and were studiously examined. These documents contained numerous testimonies to the fact that Pope Pius IX possessed the gift of clairvoyance, and was able at will to fall into profound trances and further, that he had at his command an incontestable gift of prophecy.

Several times during the last years of his life, he had announced to Cardinal Picci that he would be his successor, which was borne out by the election of the Cardinal to Pope on February 20th, 1878.

Another of Pope Pius IX prophecies was often recalled during the Great War. In 1863 in a letter to the Bishop of Vigevano he wrote: "There will one day be a terrible conflict among men. The good and the evil will pitilessly destroy each other in a monstrous cataclysm, but when the tempest of the human sea has become calm again the barque of St. Peter's will be seen continuing its voyage in full security, more beautiful than ever. For what now constitutes great navies and many kingdoms and republics will become no more than an accumulation of formless debris, only good at best for being cast into the fire."

Many stories are narrated in Rome about Pope Pius IX which demonstrates his extraordinary clairvoyant powers. On one occasion, while a religious ceremony was being celebrated in the Pontiff's private chapel before a statue of the Madonna, a large candle was lit. Suddenly the Pope rose from his chair and gave an order to extinguish the candle at once.

No one understood the reason for such a peremptory order, but after the ceremony the candle was examined and it was found that an explosive cartridge had been concealed in it by which some criminal had planned an outrage which would certainly have destroyed many lives.

On another occasion a lady presented herself in the pontificial anti-chamber. She presented her credentials to the Chamberlain on duty, soliciting an audience on a most urgent matter. The Pope was informed of her request and immediately replied: "*No, I do not speak with the dead.*"

The Chamberlain, astonished by this strange response, and thinking the Pope might not have understood the request, repeated it. Again the Pope replied, "*I do not speak with the dead.*"

When the Chamberlain returned to the anti-chamber he was told that in his absence the visitor had suddenly dropped dead from heart failure, but the most extraordinary part was that this lady was discovered to be a disguised assassin and that the object of her visit was to kill the Pope.

Another instance was recorded of two ladies who were admitted into the presence of Pope Pius IX who told him of a deaf and dumb child and begged him to give his blessing to heal its infirmity. The Pope replied: "Why ask me for this favour, the child is already cured." On returning to the outer chapel they found the child talking to an attendant and perfectly well in every way.

It was also on record that Princess Odescalchi, when very ill, sent to the Pope a request for his benediction "in articulo mortis." Pope Pius at once accorded his benediction at the same time sending a message to the Princess that "he saw she was not near death and would live for many years." The Princess immediately recovered, and in a few days presented herself at the Vatican and was received by the Pope.

Pope Pius IX was succeeded on the Papal Throne by His Holiness Leo XIII whom, I recounted in my recent memoirs "Confessions of a Modern Seer," received me in private audience at the request of Prince Marco di Colonna. At this interview he sent for Cardinal Sarto, whom he said was also deeply interested in the influence of Numbers on human lives.

I found His Eminence Cardinal Giuseppi Sarto not only deeply interested in such studies, but also well versed in the science of astrology. After that he had many meetings with me, and when I worked out that his horoscope indicated that within three years from our meeting (December, 1900) he would follow Leo XIII on the Throne of St. Peter, he did not cavil at my prediction, but very gravely said: "If such is God's Will, so be it."

He was elected Pope by the College of Cardinals on the 8th August, 1903.

It is rather a strange coincidence that in choosing his name as Pope he took that of Pius X. He had explained to me that the number nine had played a most important part in his life. To confirm this he made me copy out the following list of events.

For nine years he was at school at St. Riese.
For nine years a religious student at Padna.
For nine years a senate at Tombolo.
For nine years a priest at Salzano.
For nine years a canon at Treviso.
For nine years a bishop at Mantua.
For nine years Cardinal-Patriarch of Venice.

It may be only what one calls coincidence, but perhaps for an occult reason he chose the number of ten for his Pontificial title of Pius X. Curiously enough he reigned as Pope for a period of eleven years, dying in his eightieth year on 21st August, 1914.

During one of our conversations he called my attention to the interesting fact that in far gone times the Sacred College, who has the sole right to elect a Pope, was from A.D. 769 only composed of seven Cardinals and that this Mystic Number ruled the Conclave for some hundreds of years. It was subsequently changed to the number of twelve in accordance with the law of the Zodiac as represented by its twelve Houses.

The name and title given to a Pope, he also told me, is not chosen by the Conclave of Cardinals, but is absolutely at the discretion of the one elected. Cardinal Sarto was therefore in his right in selecting the name and number of Pius X, thus breaking the order of periodicity of the number nine that had played such an important rôle in his life up to the moment of his becoming Pope.

It was owing to His Eminence Cardinal Sarto, that I had the inestimable privilege while I was in Rome, of being allowed to browse among the volumes of the famous Vatican Library as and when I wished, and to make extracts from the priceless manuscripts, in what is admitted to be, the greatest storehouse of knowledge in the world.

CHAPTER XIX

AN ASTROLOGER WHO PREDICTED HIS OWN DEATH

ALFRED MINCHIN lived in an attic on the top story of an old-fashioned house in Berners Street, London. He was one of those rare individuals who hated money, and perhaps for that very reason money never came near him. He had a small income, left by his father who had been a doctor in a town in the South of England. It was just enough for his very primitive needs and nothing more.

Whatever was left over at the end of the month he bought books with. He never wasted money on food as far as I knew, an occasional basket of apples or a bunch of grapes were the only luxuries he allowed himself.

And yet this man was perfectly happy; in fact he was the happiest individual I ever met. He had no cares of any material kind, no wife, no children, no taxes to pay, nothing to think about except to continually increase his collection of books, and once in a while to buy new strings for a rare old violin on which he played with the gift of a master.

I came in contact with him in rather an unusual way. I was attending an auction in a village just outside of London. Some astrological works had been advertised for sale and I had gone down to see if I could pick up anything of value.

Among the small crowd who attended the auction only another man and myself paid any attention to the books in question.

The other man was a tall gaunt-looking individual, very shabbily dressed in a rusty faded black suit that seemed many sizes too large for him. Yet there was the air of a gentleman about this odd-looking stranger that attracted my attention, that inexpressible "something" one cannot define.

We had both stretched out our hands at the same time for a badly worn leather covered volume that the auctioneer was about to put up. He apologized to me, I apologized to him, and the book was left between us on the auction table.

The man "of the hammer" took in the situation at a glance; he had two men before him who wanted that same book, he determined to run one against the other.

The volume in question was "Culpepers

Arcana of Astrology" which, according to the book-plate, had been "printed in the year of our Lord, 1602."

The auctioneer commenced with the usual preamble. "This wonderful volume, ladies and gentlemen," he rattled on, "is unique in its history. It was written by one of the greatest students of astrology that ever lived. It contains all you will ever want to know of the science of the stars. It is bound in cow-hide made by hand. Give me an opening bid for this wonderful book."

No one spoke; the stranger's deep-set eyes met mine across the table. We both wanted it, but we had mentally resolved not to bid against one another.

Again the auctioneer gave vent to a wonderful speech in which he laid stress on the cow-hide binding. At last, in desperation, he got out the wonderful idea that if no one wanted the book for its contents, its leather covering would at least be useful in making soles for one's boots.

Still no one spoke. The "man of the hammer" finally knocked it down to himself for the small sum of five shillings. The auction was over and we all went out into the night.

There were only two seats vacant on the top of the only bus that went to London. I found the stranger seated next me and the journey commenced.

Neither of us spoke for some time, finally the man next me, in a half-apologetic way said, " Sir, I am sure you wanted that book and I feel I prevented you bidding for it. I have many such old works in my possession. I will be happy to lend you any of them if you will be good enough to come back with me to my rooms."

I gladly accepted the offer. The bus finally rolled down Oxford Street; we got off at Berners Street, and were quickly climbing up a long flight of creaking stairs to my new-found friend's rooms.

As he fished in his pockets for a key to open the door, he hesitated for a moment and said, " You will excuse I hope, sir, the untidy state of my flat. I hate to waste time in clearing it up. I never have any visitors, but believe me you are most welcome."

I thanked him and we entered.

After groping about for a box of matches, he finally found it on the floor, and with the air of a " grand duke " he bowed me into an old leather seat and I glanced round.

Never in all my life have I seen such a litter of books or such confusion. On a table in the centre old volumes bound in leather were piled up as high as the ceiling. In a corner a mountain of faded newspapers nearly closed up one of the windows. Books were everywhere, some in shelves round the place, while numbers of them lay strewn on the floor.

"What a student, what a reader you must be," I exclaimed.

"I do not pretend to be worthy of the name of a student," he replied, with a grim smile. "I am only a 'book worm,' books are the only pleasure I have. You are welcome to use any of my collection, if, indeed, I can call it such."

At my side on the table I noticed several old works on astrology of priceless value.

To test the genuineness of his offer I picked up a book nearest me, saying, "Would it be possible for you to let me take away this volume for about a week ?"

Without an instant's hesitation he said, "Certainly, my dear sir, take all those three if you wish and keep them as long as you like."

"But," I smiled, "you don't know me. You do not even know my name or where I live. How is it possible that you are willing to trust a stranger with such valuable books that you could never replace ?"

For answer, he took a large sheet of brown paper and some string, and before I could protest, had wrapped them up and placed them in my hands.

"Men like us," he said quietly, "have no need to go about with credentials in their pockets. We are brothers in the study of astrology; we follow the same faith, worshippers of the same God. Why should we not trust one another? You are welcome to whatever books I have, just as I know I would be welcome to any of yours."

The ice was indeed broken between us. We sat on talking far into the night. Then suddenly remembering I had had nothing to eat all the evening, he fished out of a cupboard some biscuits, a carafe of water with two glasses, and apologizing for not having anything better to offer, he pulled a chair over to the table and we supped together for the first time.

It was under these conditions that I met Arthur Minchin, and the friendship thus began lasted even up to his death.

One evening, some months after our first meeting, he called at my rooms. He seemed strangely excited, his eyes shone as if under the influence of some drug.

"Good Heavens! are you ill, Arthur?" I could not help but exclaim.

"Ill," he laughed. "No, my good friend, I never felt better in my life. Illness for me can never exist. I conquered that bug-bear years ago in my life. Illness is a mental delusion and nothing more. I am just a bit excited because I stumbled across a secret of nature that I have been working on for some years."

"The Elixir of Life," I laughed.

"Not quite," he nodded, "but perhaps the antidote to all disease. Come back with me to my rooms. I want to show you what I have discovered."

We walked down Oxford Street together through busy crowds rushing home, or crowding to theatres or restaurants. They pushed and jostled us to get out of their way. To them we were nothing more than two fragments of humanity that impeded their rush.

The muddy torrent of life bore on its tide faces and forms of all kinds and descriptions. Some had mocking smiles on their lips, some were pale with pain, some again crippled by disease, and many with the stamp of death already written across their foreheads.

How little they thought that the man by my side believed he had wrung a secret from nature that had the power to redeem them from their torment.

We turned from the main thoroughfare into the quiet of Berners Street.

Minchin had hardly spoken all the way ; he walked rapidly, his one desire seemed to be to show me what he had discovered as quickly as possible.

He unlocked a door at the end of the attic. We entered a long, low room which, to my amazement, had been turned into a well-fitted out chemist's laboratory. On a bench by the side of the wall stood a retort connected by glass tubes to a condensing apparatus of a most modern type. From this, tubes led to a large glass reservoir and from it again to a vacuum globe standing on a tripod at the end of the bench.

" Why, Minchin," I said, " I never knew you were a chemist."

" Of course not," he smiled. " I was too much afraid that my idea was only that of a madman's dream. I will light up the retort and let you see if my discovery is a reality or not."

The retort was already charged, gas burners were turned on one after the other, a pyrometer by its side registered the rapidly rising temperature.

One thousand Fahrenheit, then fifteen hundred, then two thousand, a mixture of oil and gas poured through the condensing tubes, then separated, the heavy part remaining in a container, the gas passing on to the glass reservoir, the colour changing to a pale violet hue.

Minchin's face had grown deadly white, he seemed like a man entranced—the moment had come for the great experiment.

By some clever arrangement of three-way stop cocks and glass tubes, he connected the reservoir of gas with the vacuum globe at the end of the bench—and we waited.

Every moment to me seemed like an eternity, especially as I did not know for what we were waiting.

The retorts had been turned off, the silence was like death.

Suddenly Minchin made me a sign to come nearer. His face was pressed close to the vacuum globe, his eyes blazing like coals of fire.

Could I believe my senses ? Something was forming in the centre of the globe. But what ? that was the question.

A few moments more of tense waiting, then slowly and steadily a flower—a beautiful rose in all the glory of its perfection, appeared as if suspended in the vacuum.

Minchin looked me straight in the eyes. " Well ? " he questioned.

" I do not understand," I answered. " What does it all mean ? "

" It means, my friend, that behind all things is spirit, in the organic world as in the material; furthermore that the spirit of things is *absolute perfection.* Did you not notice in that ether or essence it was not only a rose that formed, but one of the *most perfect of its kind?*

"I had placed in the retort a quantity of broken roses, but the soul of all was perfect in form, and so manifested itself in that vacuum globe.

"This is just one of the many examples we could find in nature that the 'thought-mind' of the Creator holds the picture of absolute perfection in all domains of the organic, mineral and animal kingdoms.

"In vegetable life, no matter where the seed may fall or be sown, it will sooner or later strive to produce *its highest form.* It is the same in the mineral world, no matter how its crystals may be broken or distorted, even though it may take æons of years, they will in the end *become the most perfect of their kind.*

"In the animal kingdom, to which human beings belong, the same law is shown throughout the ages; namely, the striving upward towards perfection. Of man, the highest development of all, it was said 'God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became *a living soul.*'

"'In the image and likeness of God' was man created, therefore all the other kingdoms of the world are subject unto him to be used for his good and for his advancement.

" The vegetable world is at hand to give him health and food ; the mineral world to give him iron and steel to lighten his labours, and the animal world, to which he belongs, to give him companionship and help at all times.

" Man, being made in the image of God, as God is eternal, must also be eternal ; his soul nature being on a higher plane to that of the other kingdoms can have no limitations ; to him is continual advancement both in this world and the next until in the end ' man sees God.'

" The wonder of those three words has never been fully grasped. To ' see God ' is to understand all ; to understand all is to realize the why and the wherefore of things that are, the scourge of poverty, the death of those we love the most.

" Broken hearts, like broken crystals, obey the same law. In the mineral world jewels become more flawless. In the world of man, souls become more perfect.

" But I must not waste time by words," Minchin went on. " My anxiety now, my friend, is the fact that my own end draws so near that I will not be able to continue my experiments much longer. Too late I have learned that disease may be conquered by knowledge of the secrets of the vegetable kingdom ; too late I have stumbled across the truth that in the essence of plants there is a life-renewing quality in their salts, but alas, it is too late for me to attempt to teach how they may be extracted."

"Why do you say 'too late'?" I interrupted. "With such knowledge as you have, you surely could baffle death for many, many years."

"My good friend," he answered sadly, "I made the mistake in my early years of being a sceptic on such subjects. I wasted my early days in doubts. I pursued the question 'why' until it led me into the quicksands of despair. I lost the footsteps of God in the quagmire of non-belief. When a man loses faith, he has lost the sheet anchor of his soul.

"I was old in the following of lies when I found the truth."

"But, Minchin," I said impulsively, "now that you have found the truth you must live so as to give it to the world."

"That is not good reasoning," he quietly replied. "Because I wasted my early years, why should I be given another chance to make good. There are many other better men to follow me, men better equipped, perhaps with better education, men who will learn the secrets of the organic world earlier than I did.

" In fact, it was for this reason that I wanted you here to-night. You are a writer and have jotted down notes of what you saw. One day you will publish these things, they will perhaps attract the attention of some younger man who will have the time before him to tabulate the life-giving essence of plants.

" Perhaps the world is not ready for this knowledge yet ; it may need some great war, or terrible famine, to call attention to the inexhaustible supply of food stuffs that await discovery in the vegetable kingdom.

" When I go my way I will leave you my notes. Make whatever use of them you wish. Above all things, my friend, try and teach your fellow beings to have faith in the everlasting purpose of God, in the Creator of Divine Design and in the ultimate perfection of things to come."

* * * * *

It was quite some time before I could arrange my plans to get around to Minchin's rooms again. In the weeks that passed I had often pondered over his words, but in spite of my desire I had not been able to get away from my many engagements.

One morning, about dawn, I woke up with a strange feeling, the presence of my friend seemed to pervade my rooms. With a curious presentiment tugging at my heart, I hastily dressed and made my way to Berners Street.

I knocked at the attic. There was no response. I turned the handle and to my surprise the door was unlocked—it flew open.

I entered the familiar room, the oil lamp over the desk was still lighted, but burning very low. A weird silence seemed to hang about the place.

There was some light in his little laboratory. I knocked on the door, there was no reply. I pushed it open. Before me stood the retort with the gas full on. My eyes ran quickly along the condenser to the vacuum globe. He had evidently finished another experiment, I thought. Suspended in the vacuum, hung not a rose this time, but the apparition of a white lily, *the purest and most beautiful I had ever seen.*

" But where is Minchin ? " I asked.

For answer I saw a form lying huddled across the writing table in the corner, its head resting on some sheets of paper, the top one being a carefully drawn horoscope. Very gently I touched him, but he did not move. I lifted his head, under it his hand still grasped a pencil, the point of it fixed on a group of planets in the eighth house, the " House of Death."

CHAPTER XX

A MODERN WIZARD:
THE "KEELY MOTOR" AND ITS INVENTOR

ONE of the leading scientists of America, Dr. Joseph Leidy, LL.D of the University of Pennsylvania, surprised the thinking world in 1889 by coming forward publicly as a supporter of the inventor of the famous "Keely Motor."

Dr. Leidy's published statement was:

> "Having had the opportunity of seeing Mr. John Keely's experiments, it has appeared to me that he has command of some unknown force of most wonderful mechanical power.
>
> (Signed) JOSEPH LEIDY."

Coming from a scientist of such repute, these words caused a considerable sensation in both financial and scientific quarters.

A further statement from Dr. Leidy appeared in *The Inquirer* (Philadelphia) as follows:

> "April 8th, 1890.
>
> "After having had the opportunity of witnessing a series of experiments made by Mr.

John Keely, illustrative of a reputed new motor power, it has appeared to me that he has fairly demonstrated the discovery of a force *previously unknown to science*. I have no theory to account for the phenomena observed, but I believe Mr. Keely to be honest in his attempt to explain them. His demonstrations appear to indicate great mechanical power, which when applied to appropriate machinery, must supersede all ordinary appliances.

(Signed) JOSEPH LEIDY."

Previous to this announcement, for upwards of twenty years a completely unknown man, John Worrell Keely of Philadelphia, had been working patiently and secretly to demonstrate that he had discovered a new force in nature that would eclipse electricity and all other known mechanical forces.

An extremely big order, all must admit. Keely had been working on his idea long before scientists had begun to discuss the probability of " bursting the atom " to release the enormous force contained in it, which experiment has in recent years been partially carried out by scientists in England, Germany and America during 1932–33.

Keely's principal work for years previous to its becoming talked about, had been his efforts to demonstrate, to put it in his own words "that all corpuscles of matter can be subdivided by certain orders of vibration, thus showing up new elements." It was not however, until by what men call "mere chance" that Macvicars' "Sketch of a Philosophy" fell into his hands, together with a work entitled "Harmonies of Tones and Colours, Developed by Evolution," written by a Mrs. F. J. Hughes, a niece of Darwin's, that caused him to turn his attention to the structure of ether and he learned that "the same laws which develop harmonies develop the universe."

This recalls to one's mind that beautiful prophetic verse by Coleridge:

"What if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely formed,
That tremble into thought as o'er them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze.
At once the soul of each and God of all?"

From this moment Keely turned his attention to etheric vibration and the flow of the magnetic current of the earth from pole to pole, with the astonishing result that he so perfected a motor to make use of these forces that between 1889 and 1890 he was in a position to show to scientists, in his laboratory in Philadelphia, a machine that ran by some mysterious power, or to quote the words of Dr. Leidy, "he demonstrated the discovery of a force *previously unknown to science.*"

One might have imagined that such an extraordinary discovery would have been hailed by scientists and the press as great a revolution as that caused by the steam engine and later by the production of electricity.

The contrary was, however, the case. Nearly all men of science, with a few exceptions, together with the press, ridiculed the idea as impossible, and did not hesitate to call Keely a charlatan and a fraud. Prejudice against the unfortunate inventor ran so high that whatever financial sources he had became dried up, and for some years he was often reduced to the point of starvation.

Whatever help or encouragement he received during this period came from two women, who perhaps in their intuition, foresaw the possibilities of such a discovery long before it could penetrate the more dense minds of men.

One of these ladies, Mrs. Bloomfield Moore of Philadelphia, suffered cruelly for her loyalty and generosity to the inventor. Some of her relations attempted in the Courts to prove her insane. An injunction was obtained against her making use of her property, and she was in the end reduced to almost a state of complete limitation.

It was at her house in London that I first heard of the "Keely Motor."

Sitting next me at the luncheon table was the well-known scientific engineer, Major J. Ricarde Seaver, a man well known in London circles who for services rendered in some engineering project had been made a "grandee" of Spain.

The conversation had turned on the prospects of the "Keely Motor," a subject that on account of hostile criticism about the same time in the press was being much discussed.

To the surprise of everyone present, Major Ricarde Seaver said:

"I have only heard of John Keely's discoveries in the press. All projectors of new ideas are at first subjected to calumny, criticism and ridicule. James Watts, the inventor of the steam engine, took over thirty years to develop his plans. In the meantime he was often laughed at.

"When the idea was first mooted of running an electric cable to America, it was considered absurd. It is the same with many other inventions that in the end prove of use and benefit to humanity.

"Judging from articles I have read, Mr. Keely has demonstrated to many eminent men his neutralizing or overcoming of the law of gravity and the separation of metallic plates by a new means of employing the Law of Vibration. Such men as Dr. Joseph Leidy of the University of Philadelphia and Dr. James M. Wilcox, the author of " Elemental Philosophy " have testified that they have witnessed Keely's experiments and were satisfied that he has made manifest the existence of some, up to now, unknown power that cannot be explained by ordinary physical laws.

" The opinions of such men cannot be lightly thrown aside. I only wish that the opportunity may some day come my way to be sent to Philadelphia to investigate Keely's discoveries myself."

As Major Seaver had only met Mrs. Bloomfield Moore for the first time that day, he was later surprised to hear that our hostess had for years been deeply interested in the progress of the " Keely Motor."

Six months later, Major Seaver dropped in to see me in my rooms in New York City.

" Yes," he said, as he held out his hand, " my wish became realized. Barnato Brothers, the firm to which I am advisory engineer, have sent me over to investigate and report on the ' Keely Motor.' I am going to Philadelphia to-morrow and I propose that you come with me. Give yourself a holiday for a few days and come along."

The next day found Major Seaver and myself on the train together.

During the journey I got the Major to tell me something of his plans.

" I have no preconceived ideas about Keely, one way or the other," he said. " I am just going with an open mind commissioned to report to my employers if there is any commercial possibilities in his ' Motor.' Its supposed weak point is, that it can only be set in motion by Keely striking a chord of vibration on a violin, which is the key to unlock a similiar vibration in the machine. If this is really the case, then a man of Keely's attainments may any day invent an instrument to take the place of the violin, and if such a thing should happen, it would be worth while for such a firm as Barnato Brothers to pay many millions of pounds to have an interest in such an epoch-making discovery."

The next morning Major Seaver presented his credentials at Keely's workshop.

The inventor received us without any formality. He was in fact in his shirt-sleeves and did not even make a pretence of putting on his coat. He was a most unassuming man, very simple and direct in his words and expressions.

He had no pretensions of being taken for an engineer or a scientist or anything out of the way.

In answer to one of Major Seaver's questions as to what had first led him to believe that an, up to then, unknown force existed beyond the power of steam and electricity, he very simply said, " The idea came into my mind from where I cannot tell. Perhaps it first came from a craze I had to study the magnet to attempt to solve what the mysterious power was that enabled it to attract steel and iron to itself.

" For a long time I wondered over the indisputable fact that a horseshoe of iron could be magnetized in a few seconds by the current of a few amperes from a battery, and that such a magnet could lift many pounds weight of metal. Further, that every second of time without end while the magnet is expanding energy it totals up an almost inconceivable amount of actual power, not alone that, but the magnet of one pound lifting power to-day, may and in fact will be stronger to-morrow.

" Where does this really tremendous amount of energy come from? By what inscrutable process does the mere magnetization of a bar of iron make of it a machine for the transformation of energy, even more, a perpetual creator of force?

" It came into my mind that there was a hidden process going on of some kind, energy going into the magnet and flowing out of it all the time it was doing work—energy in some form.

" Where did it come from—gravity? atmosphere? solar rays? earth currents? Who can say?

" The mere fact of the magnet carrying its load proves conclusively the constant flow or positive action of a sympathetic force, the velocity exceeding millions of vibrations per second.

" In the course of many years of experiments, I believe I have discovered a means of harnessing what may be called ' etheric ' force and of overcoming gravity.

" I want you, Sir," Keely went on, turning to Major Seaver, " to examine my machines from the standpoint of the sceptic. Calumny has asserted that I have them connected by a hollow steel wire by which I employ compressed air.

" I want you to satisfy yourself especially on this point. You are entitled to lift the motor off the bench, to place it where you like and it will still function.

" The first demonstration I will give you is that of starting the motor by a note of music, otherwise vibration. I want you to do this yourself. You will take this violin, pass the bow across the strings. At first you may not succeed, but you will eventually."

Major Seaver took the violin. He was fully ten feet away from the machine he was supposed to start. For fully five minutes he tried note after note, but nothing happened. He handed the violin over to Keely.

Perhaps it was due to his long years of practice, or it may have been owing to his unusually keen musical hearing, but the fact remained that in one stroke of the bow an immediate response was heard in the machine. The buzz from it grew louder every second until its speed became so great that, although bolted firmly on the bench, it rocked the whole place.

"Can you stop it?" Seaver asked. For answer Keely drew a discordant note from the violin. The machine immediately began to slow down and finally stopped.

"Now, Major," Keely said, "you should be able to start it up yourself. Be patient, try tone after tone and chord after chord. Sooner or later you must strike the right one."

Major Seaver, with a very patient look on his face, again took the violin. This time he drew longer notes from the instrument. Suddenly an answering buzz was heard in the machine. It started off as before, its speed rapidly increasing every moment.

Again the Major lifted the violin. He drew a sharp discord from the strings. Instantly the motor slowed down and became silent again.

"Remarkable," was all Seaver said. Then

taking up a wrench lying near at hand, he very deliberately undid the bolts and lifted the motor off the bench.

As no connecting wires of any kind were to be seen he rebolted the machine and handing me the violin, told me to try.

Perhaps it was what is called "beginners' luck." I had barely drawn a sharp clear note from the "A" string, when again the motor started.

This time the "stopping" was the difficult part. Though I struck discord after discord, still the motor went on rapidly increasing its velocity. I appealed to Keely to help me. He took the violin, struck one discord and immediately the motor slowed down and stopped as before.

"That is the one weak point that up to now prevents its commercial value," Keely said. "My efforts now are being concentrated to make an instrument that will give off an exact note to start and stop the machine at will. The difficulty is not an easy one to get over owing to the variation in the magnetic and etheric currents which are changing continually, but I believe that one of these days I will get the inspiration how to solve the problem."

Keely next showed us his revolving globe of glass that had caused much comment in hostile newspapers.

It was of very simple construction, merely a large glass globe balanced on a pivot of platinum that, when spinning, kept its equilibrium by centrifugal action exactly as a boy's top keeps itself in position by the same law.

This globe was also started by a vibration from the violin. When it had attained considerable velocity, Keely made me lift it off the table and carry the whole thing, wooden stand and all, several times round the room. As its revolutions became more and more rapid I grew alarmed, believing it might any moment fly to pieces. Again a discord from the violin and in a few minutes it stopped.

The next day Keely showed Major Seaver and myself another of his inventions equally startling. It was nothing more or less than a means of overcoming the law of gravitation as applied to airships.

Before going into this demonstration the inventor showed as a remarkable experiment in connection with this idea.

Three glass chambers, forty inches in height, filled with water, were placed on a slab of glass. In each of these cylinders were three metal spheres weighing six ounces each. When a wire composed of silver and platina connected these glass chambers with the sympathic transmitter, the metal spheres rose or descended in them or remained stationary at any point with a motion as gentle as that of a thistledown floating in air.

In demonstrating what appeared to be the overcoming of gravity for aerial navigation, Mr. Keely next showed us a model of an airship weighing about eight pounds. When the differential wire was attached to it, it also rose, floated, or remained stationary, at whatever height he wished it to be.

This remarkable demonstration of this model airship, it must be remembered, was shown us at the Keely Laboratories in 1890, some thirteen years before the brothers, Orville and Wilbur Wright, flew the first aeroplane in France in 1903.

Keely allowed Major Seaver to make, without hindrance or opposition, whatever investigations he wished. The Major in the end freely confessed that he could find no evidence of " hollow wires," compressed air or electric power used in any way in Keely's demonstrations.

As we returned to New York on the train the next day he summed up his meeting with the inventor by saying: " I can only come to the same conclusion as Professor Leidy and Dr. J. M. Wilcox ' that Keely has command of some unknown force of most wonderful mechanical power.' "

In spite of this, this really great inventor, or as Keely preferred to be called, "discoverer," was no nearer to financial success than before. Major Seaver had to report to his company, Barnato Brothers of London, that until the moment arrived when Keely produced a mechanical device to take the place of his violin there could be no prospect of success of "the Keely Motor," from *a commercial point of view*.

And so things went on until Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, under opposition from her family, could no longer remain as Keely's backer. Bills and writs for money came pouring in on the inventor's head, the press lost patience, papers denounced "the Keely Motor" as a failure and Keely as "one of the greatest swindlers that ever lived."

Perhaps it is that inventors, like poets, painters and writers, belong to an unusually sensitive class. They can only *create* by being encouraged in their visions and dreams.

So few realize that "dreams" have been so often the forerunners of reality that it is to "dreamers" that the world owes so much.

Poor Keely became literally hounded to death by the press, under-paid reporters in search of copy made "wonderful revelations," editors in easy chairs wrote sarcastic comments.

"Man's inhumanity to man" crushed one more over-sensitive soul, and so a great discovery became lost, at least for the time being.

Alone, one night in the winter of 1898, after destroying all his papers, the records of over twenty years research, together with his machines, John Worrell Keely put an end to his own life.

* * * * *

Copy of final report of the investigations of W. Lascelles-Scott of the Physical and Chemical Laboratories, Forest Gate, England.

May 1st, 1896.

"From a lengthened personal examination of Mr. Keely's appliances, I am distinctly of the opinion that he has discovered a force hitherto absolutely unknown to science, and that he holds within his grasp a driving power, or means of performing mechanical work, which might be called illimitable.

(*Signed*) W. Lascelles-Scott."

CHAPTER XXI

PREDICTIONS VERIFIED

The Great Plague and Fire of London; The Revolution in England under Cromwell; Airships; Goethe's predictions regarding himself; Dryden foretold his son's fate; and other predictions that were verified.

AS many critics in the press think they are demonstrating their superior intelligence (?) by cavilling at the idea that the future can in any way be foreseen, it may be instructive if I call attention to at least some remarkable predictions that have been verified and established beyond all question.

I will only take the more striking examples, as otherwise they would be far too numerous for a book of this nature.

THE GREAT PLAGUE AND FIRE OF LONDON PREDICTED

The celebrated Seer, Nostradamus, published his prediction a hundred years before the event of the destruction of the City of London by fire. He even gave the exact year of 1666.

In 1648, William Lilly, the famous Astrologer, predicted the death of Charles I, and the revolution under Oliver Cromwell, which took place two years later. In 1651, he published in "Monarchy or no Monarchy," the Great Plague of 1665, and the Fire of London to take place in the year 1666.

For this he was called before the Committee of the House of Commons on the 25th October of the same year, to answer questions as to how he made his predictions.

Sir Robert Brooke, as Speaker for the Committee, addressed the Astrologer as follows:

"Mr. Lilly, this Committee thought fit to summon you to appear before them this day, to know if you can say anything as to the cause of the late fire, or whether there might be any design therein. You are called hither, because in a book of yours long since printed, you hinted some such thing by one of your hieroglyphics."

Lilly replied he had come to the conclusion "that it was the finger of God only; but what instruments He used thereunto I am ignorant." He then went on to say: "The Committee seemed well pleased with what I spoke, and dismissed me with great civility."

THE PROPHECIES OF ROGER BACON

In Bacon's "Essay of Prophecies" he writes: "When I was in France I heard from one Dr. Pena that the Queen-Mother caused the King's (Henry II, her husband's) nativity to be calculated under a false name, and the astrologer gave a judgment that he would be killed in a duel; at which the Queen laughed, thinking her husband to be above challenges and duels; but he was slain upon a course at tilt, the splinters of the lance of Montgomery going in at his bever."—(From the "Encyclopædia Britannica," Vol. II, page 799.)

Roger Bacon, who lived between 1214–1296, the greatest English philosopher on record, was a sincere believer in astrology, and made many remarkable predictions, which may be found in his work, "De Secretis." It is claimed he was the inventor of gunpowder and was a man who lived far in advance of his times.

TYCHO BRAHE, THE FAMOUS ROYAL ASTROLOGER OF DENMARK

Tycho Brahe was not only a celebrated astronomer, but he was also a confirmed believer in astrology.

He was the son of a Danish Privy Councillor governor of the Castle of Helsingborg. He came into the world in 1546. Educated at the University of Copenhagen, he early showed a desire to study astrology and astronomy in preference to all other work.

An eclipse of the sun, which was partly visible at Copenhagen on October 21st, 1560, brought him prominence among the observers. He obtained a copy of the great Ptolemy's work on the heavens, and devoted much of his time studying its pages. These he carefully annotated with his remarks, and this book is still to be found as one of the great treasures in the library of the University of Prague, in which city he passed the last years of his life.

With the hope of divesting his mind from such studies, his uncle sent him with a tutor to Leipzig, but instead of making any change he spent all his allowance in obtaining books to carry on his favourite study, and invented his " cross-staff " by which he carried out his plans to calculate the places of the stars.

On the death of his uncle, Tycho Brahe went to Roslock, where he had a duel with a Danish nobleman in the dead of night. During the fight his opponent cut off a piece of his nose which would have caused much disfigurement, but the astrologer with great ingenuity set to work to make an artificial organ of some alloy of gold and silver. This is the first time there is any mention in history of what now would be called "plastic surgery."

Tycho Brahe's first great achievement was the discovery of a new star in the constellation of Cassiopeia in 1572. The news of his success reached Frederick II in Denmark, who summoned him to return to his native country. The monarch offered him the Island of Hveen in the Sound, and gave him the funds necessary to build the greatest observatory which up to then had been constructed in Europe.

It is a matter of history that Tycho Brahe, the Astronomer-Royal of Denmark, after studying the famous comet of 1577, made the extraordinary prediction that in Finland there should be born a Prince who would lay waste Germany and vanish in 1632. Gustavus Adolphus, it is well known, was born in Finland, overran Germany and, when he was killed in the Battle of Leutzen, his dead body was never found.

It was Tycho Brahe who wrote: "We cannot deny the influence of the stars, without disbelieving in the wisdom of God."

He gave the name of Uraniborg to his well-equipped observatory. Students flocked to it from all parts of Europe to have the privilege of studying under such a master.

During 1577, when a son was born to King

Frederick, the King summoned him to Copenhagen to cast the nativity for the infant. On July 1st of that year he presented the King with a very full horoscope foretelling the future of the new Prince, which in all its details proved later to be very accurate.

On the death of King Frederick in 1585, the subsidy to keep up the observatory at Uraniborg ceased. Very disheartened, Tycho left the island where he had lived so long, abandoned his native land and settled at Prague, where he died in 1601.

During his life Tycho Brahe made a considerable study of medicine in combination with astrology. He did not believe absolutely that man's fate was decided by his planets, but that the Creator had so ordained that man was in a position to conquer bad aspects and rise superior to them. One of his statements in his writing was: "Forewarning of threatened evils give us the opportunity of averting them." In this way he declared astrology was of great value to humanity.

He gave his medical advice free to all those who sought his help. He prepared many of his prescriptions himself and gave them to his patients.

The Danish Pharmacopœia of 1658 hold a considerable number of his formulas and several of his "Elixirs," but his name is more remembered by his remarkable prediction of the overrunning of Germany by Gustavus Adolphus.

PREDICTIONS RE AIRSHIPS FULFILLED

Writing in 1741, the celebrated philosopher, the Marquis d'Argens, made a remarkable prediction about airships. In his Memoirs which were issued in that year, he wrote:

"This is another idea that will be considered ridiculous, yet one of the first discoveries which will be made, perhaps in our century, will be the discovery of the art of flying in the air.

"In this way men will travel swiftly and comfortably, and even merchandise will be carried on great flying ships. There will be aerial armies; our present fortifications will become useless; but the artillery will learn to aim in the air. It will be necessary for a new post to be created in the Kingdom (France)—that of Secretary of State for Air Forces."

GOETHE'S PREDICTIONS FROM HIS OWN HOROSCOPE

Goethe begins his Autobiography with these words: "On the 28th of August, 1749, at midday, as the clock struck twelve, I came into the world at Frankfort-on-the-Main. My horoscope was propitious; the Sun stood in the Sign of Virgo and had culminated for the day; Jupiter and Venus were friendly and Mercury not adverse, while Saturn and Mars were indifferent. The Moon alone just full, exerted the power of her reflection all the more as she had then reached her planetary hour, she opposed herself to my birth, which therefore could not be accomplished until the hour was passed. These good aspects which astrologers reckoned very auspicious for me may have been the cause of my preservation; for, through the unskillfulness of the midwife, I came into the world as dead and only after various efforts was I enabled to see the light."

DRYDEN'S PREDICTIONS AS TO HIS SON

The great Dryden, with all his wisdom and profound learning, did not disdain the aid of astrology in working out the horoscopes of his own children.

"At the birth of his son Charles, he laid his watch on the table, begging the ladies then present in the most solemn manner, to take exact note of the very minute the child was born, which they did and acquainted him with it.

"About a week later he took occasion to tell his wife that he had been calculating the boy's nativity, and observed with grief that he had been born in an evil hour, for Jupiter, Venus and the Sun were all under the Earth, and the lord of his ascendant afflicted with a bad square of Mars and Saturn.

" He announced : ' If the boy lives to arrive at his eighth year, he will go near to die a violent death on his very birthday ; but if he should escape that, then the twenty-third year will be dangerous, and if he escapes that, the thirty-fourth year will I fear . . .' Here he was interrupted by the grief of his wife, who could no longer patiently hear the calamity prophesied to befall her son.

" The time at last came, and August was the inauspicious month in which young Dryden was to enter into the eighth year.

" The Court being in progress and Mr. Dryden at leisure, he was invited to the country seat of the Earl of Berkshire, his brother-in-law, to keep the long vacation with him at Charlton in Wiltshire, while his wife was invited to her uncle's, to pass the remainder of the summer.

" When they came to divide the children, his wife asked him to take John and suffer her to take Charles, but Mr. Dryden was absolutely against this. They parted in anger and he took Charles with him.

" When the fatal day came, the anxiety of his wife brought on a violent fever and her life was despaired of, till a letter came from her husband reproving her for her womanish credulity and assuring her the boy was well which recovered her spirits, but six weeks later she received an explanation of the whole affair.

"Mr. Dryden, either through fear of being reckoned superstitious, or people thinking it a science beneath his study, was extremely cautious of letting anyone know that he was a believer in astrology, could not excuse his absence on his son's anniversary from a hunting meeting Lord Berkshire had made, to which all the adjacent gentlemen were invited.

"However, before he went he took care to set the boy a double exercise in Latin, which he taught his children himself, with a strict charge *not to stir out of his room till his return*, well knowing the task he had set him would take up much longer time.

"Charles was performing his duty in obedience to his father, but as ill-fate would have it, the stag made towards the house, and the noise alarming the servants they hastened out to see the sport. One of them took young Dryden by the hand and led him out to see it also.

"Just as they came to the gate, the stag being at bay with the dogs, made a leap over the court wall, which being very old and the dogs following, threw down a part of the wall ten yards in length, under which Charles lay buried. He was immediately dug out, and after languishing six weeks in a dangerous condition he recovered.

In his twenty-third year, Charles fell from the top of a tower of the Vatican at Rome. He again recovered, but was forever after this in a languishing state.

" In the thirty-third year of his age, being returned to England, he was unhappily drowned in the Thames at Windsor. Thus his father's calculations proved but too prophetical."

—(Extract from Bohn's " Scientific
Library," Vol. II.)

THE DUKE OF FRIEDLAND, KEPLER AND CARDEN, THE MAGICIAN

The Duke of Friedland, Albert Von Wallenstein, was a sincere believer in astrology and studied it under Argoli at Padua.

The great Kepler cast many horoscopes for him, and it is related that when a deputation arrived to relieve him of his Commandership, before he allowed the members of it to discuss the subject, he produced a horoscope from which he told them, " he already knew the purpose of their visit and the nature of the message they had for him." In his subsequent retirement, he continued the study of the heavens, and an astrologer named Senni, of Genoa, became part of his household.

JEROME CARDEN, THE MAGICIAN

The celebrated Carden lived about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and was a contemporary of Faustus and Paracelsus. He also practised astrology. He foretold some years in advance the exact date of his death at the age of seventy-five.

He abjured the critics of his day in the following verse:

> "Hence fiery zealots, you I dare to tell
> Astrology's from Heaven, not from Hell;
> 'Tis no black art; no damned Necromancy,
> No witchcraft neither, as some please to fancy;
> For shallow brains think all that's hard or high,
> Unlawful or impossibility."

MOTHER SHIPTON AND HER PROPHECIES

This extraordinary woman was born at Knaresborough, Yorkshire, during the reign of Henry VIII (1485).

Rumour has it that her father was a necromancer, but she got the name under which she became famous by her marriage with one Toby Shipton, a carpenter by trade.

The first printed reference about her was contained in a tract entitled : " THE PROPHECIES OF MOTHER SHIPTON IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII, FORETELLING THE DEATH OF CARDINAL WOLSEY, THE LORD PERCY AND OTHERS, AS ALSO WHAT SHOULD HAPPEN IN ENSUING TIMES."

Some reprints were made of this tract, for which many astrologers made additions. William Lilly quoted no less than eighteen of her prophecies, and is reported to have said :

" All I can say is that I fear they will prove true, more true than most men imagine, as Mother Shipton's prophecies were never yet questioned either for their verity or antiquity, so look to them to read the future with a certainty and act accordingly."

In her first tract, much prominence is given to her prophecy regarding Cardinal Wolsey. It is related that on hearing that the Cardinal intended to come and reside in the town of York, Mother Shipton declared publicly that he would never enter that city.

Hearing of this, the Cardinal sent the Duke of Suffolk, Lord Percy and Lord Darey in disguise to see her.

When they reached where she lived, she knew them each by their own names, and set before them some ale and cakes. They informed her of the reason of their visit, and she at once replied :

"I said he might see it, but never come to it."

The gentlemen quietly informed her that if the great Cardinal *did* come he most certainly would have her burnt at the stake as a witch.

On hearing this her chronicler states: "She took her linen handkerchief off her head and said, 'If this burn, so shall I,' and then cast it unto the fire. After letting it lie on the fire for a quarter of an hour, and taking it out again they saw it was not as much as singed."

When Cardinal Wolsey came to Cawood, a place of about eight miles distant from the City of York, he ascended the castle tower and looked across the intervening landscape towards York. While on the tower a messenger arrived from the King demanding his presence at once. The Cardinal was obliged to return. He was taken ill at Leicester, and dying on the journey back, the prophecy was fulfilled.

Many of Mother Shipton's further prophecies she put in a quaint form of mystical verse, which she put in the hands of the Abbot of Beverley.

She foretold the destruction of the Spanish Armada as follows:

"A maiden Queen full many a year
Shall England's warlike scepter bear.
The Western Monarch's Wooden Horses
Shall be destroyed by the Drake's forces."

Also the execution of King Charles I, as:

"But tell what next, Oh! Cruel fate,
A King made martyr at his gate."

The Revolution by Cromwell and the restoration of royalty were foreshown in the following verse, written nearly two hundred years before the events:

The just King dead, the woolfe shall then
With blood usurp the Lyon's Den.
But death shall hurry him away,
Confusion shall a while bear sway,
Till Fate to England shall restore
A King to reign as heretofore,
Who mercy and justice likewise
Shall in his Empire exercise."

In another of her predictions she wrote:

"Carriages without horses shall go
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the earth thoughts shall fly,
In the twinkling of an eye.
Through deepest hills men shall ride
And no horse or ass be by their side.
Under water men shall walk
Shall ride and sleep and talk,
In the air men shall be seen
In white, in black and also green.
Three times three shall lovely France
Be led to play a bloody dance!
Before her people shall be free
Three tyrant rulers shall she see
Three times the people's hope is gone;

Three rulers in succession see
Each from a different dynasty.
Then shall the worser fight be done
England and France shall be as one.
The British olive next shall twine
In marriage with the German vine."

The popularity of Mother Shipton's prophecies is proved by the fact that fifty-one different editions were published between the years 1641 and 1881.

It is supposed she lived to a very old age before she died at Clifton, in Yorkshire. A tombstone marks her grave, bearing the following epitaph :

Here lyes she who never ly'd
Whose skill often has been try'd
Her Prophecies shall still survive
And ever keep her name alive."

CHAPTER XXII

CAN THE FUTURE BE FORESEEN?

An account of predictions fulfilled. Death of Queen Victoria, King Edward VII, the Czar of Russia, Field Marshal Lord Kitchener, Pope Pius X, King Humbert of Italy, the Shah of Persia, Joseph Chamberlain and Sir Austen Chamberlain, Sir Lionel Phillips, Lord Pirie, etc. etc.

AS many reviewers of my recently published Memoirs have in some articles asserted that some of my predictions were not certified to before the events took place, I think it is in keeping with the trend of the present book if I defend the study I have so long been associated with, by giving in these concluding pages some account of predictions which refute the idea that they were not universally known before the events.

As I have retired from professional life, I cannot be accused of having " an axe to grind " in making such matters public.

I know that at least, in the majority of cases, it is the general policy of reviewers to discredit the idea that the " future " can be told in any way whatever. They seem to regard it as a sign of mental weakness to allow any admission of the truth underlying any form of occult studies to get into the columns they control.

In their superior knowledge (?) they believe themselves to be the sole arbitrators of what the public who read their articles should believe.

If the proprietors of their journals should happen to have some conventional idea of religion they take their clue from his, or her, views, and criticize in accordance.

It is rare indeed to come in contact with a really independent reviewer, a man or woman who has the strength of his or her convictions, one who can afford to state plainly and honestly facts as they are, without giving them some twist or bias tinged by their own ideas.

It would not be reasonable to expect that an editor—say a zealous Churchman brought up in a narrow school of thought, let us suppose one antagonistic to spiritualism—could allow the columns of his paper to give an unbiased report of some account of spiritualistic phenomena. It would be contrary to human nature to expect such a thing.

Yet such an editor would not think it amiss to publish some highly improbable story of cures wrought by "holy relics" sent in by some fanatical correspondent.

Knowing the prejudice that has existed for hundreds of years against the work that for the past fifty years I have been associated with, it has been a surprise to me that my books have been so well reviewed by the press in all parts of the world.

In the name of my work I am deeply grateful for the way it has been received. It encourages me to place on record in these pages an account of how and when my various forecasts for nations and individuals have been borne out.

DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA

In the issue of the *American Register and Anglo-Colonial World*, published on July 26th, 1900, which may be seen in the newspaper files of the British Museum, an account is given of my prediction six months before the event of Queen Victoria's illness in the following December and her death in the early part of 1901.

KING EDWARD VII

As regards my predictions about King Edward VII. My first interview with him took place, as I have related in my Memoirs,* at the house of Lady Arthur Paget, when he was Prince of Wales.

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* "Confessions: Memoirs of a Modern Seer" (Jarrolds, Ltd., London).

At this interview I foretold that the end of his life would not come before his sixty-ninth year, the Prince being then in his fifty-second year. This statement was therefore made seventeen years before the event.

The Prince of Wales corroborated this himself to the Princess de Montylyon in August, 1900.

When King Edward lay seriously ill in Buckingham Palace, in June, 1902, and his coronation fixed for June 26th postponed, Queen Alexandra sent for me to impress on the King's mind that I had predicted years previously that he would live to see his sixty-ninth year. This interview was well known in London. King Edward was then in his sixty-first year when Queen Alexandra sent for me to come to Buckingham Palace.

THE LATE CZAR OF RUSSIA

In 1902 a London paper called *M. A. P.* (*Mainly About People*), published an account saying that: "On one of the Czar's visits to England he had learned from 'Cheiro' that war would be fatal to him and his immediate family; hence his famous Peace Rescript."

In 1904, during one of my visits to St. Petersburg, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Monsieur Isvolsky, arranged for me to dine with the Czar and himself at the Summer Palace at Peterhof.

On this occasion the Czar showed the Minister and myself calculations I had made for him when he had visited me in London.

These calculations foretold that the most fatal war Russia had ever been engaged in would break out during the summer of 1914, ending in revolution and the fall of the Romanoff dynasty, etc.

These predictions were made, it will be observed, many years before Russia's declaration of war with Germany in July, 1914.

LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM

On July 21st, 1894, Lord Kitchener, or as he was then Major-General Kitchener, received me at the War Office, and gave me the autographed impression of his hands that have since been published in many of my books on the study of the hand.

To my amazement, Major-General Kitchener at that interview, told me that he had already consulted me several years before and that my prediction then "that he would be drowned at sea" had influenced him so much that he had made himself an expert swimmer so that he would escape being drowned if that could be possible.

He was then in his forty-fourth year, and as we sat there in the War Office I mapped out for him the still higher positions that lay before him in his military career. At that moment he had returned to England to tender his resignation as Sirdar of the Egyptian Army on account of some hostile criticism from the British Government over what was called "The Abbas Affair."

His strong-willed action a few weeks later was completely vindicated; his resignation was not accepted; instead he was made a K.C.M.G. and returned to Egypt with more authority than before, and shortly after brought the Egyptian Campaign to a successful finish.

As we talked that afternoon of July 21st, 1894, I showed him, by my calculations based on astrology, that he would take on his shoulders in his sixty-fourth year (1914) a position of responsibility the greatest in all his career, but how little either of us thought at that moment that the position I indicated would be that of Commander-in-Chief in the most terrible war that England had ever been engaged in.

The part of the prediction that appeared to interest him most was that I repeated my prevision that he would not meet with a soldier's death, but would be drowned at sea in his sixty-sixth year.

That this prediction made a deep impression on his mind is borne out by an Exchange Telegraph Company's message published in English papers on June 19th, 1915, as follows :

" When Lord Kitchener arrived at the British Front he was met by Commandant de Balancourt, to whom he mentioned that a 'Jack Johnson' had dropped pretty close to him. 'It did not alarm me,' said the Field-Marshal, '*because I know I shall die at sea.*' "

As everyone knows, Lord Kitchener was drowned in the disaster to the H.M.S. *Hampshire* off the coast of Scotland on the night of June 5th, 1916.

As Lord Kitchener was born on June 16th, 1850, he was at his death within a few days of entering his sixty-sixth year.

POPE PIUS X

I have already related in Chapter XVIII my prediction to His Eminence Cardinal Sarto that he was destined to occupy the Throne of St. Peter within two years of the date of our meeting.

KING HUMBERT OF ITALY

On April 29th, 1900, I was presented to King Humbert of Italy, at the Quirinal Palace in Rome, by Prince Borghase. In brief, the King's only question to me was : " If it is possible, 'Cheiro,' tell me the date of my death?"

The few months that lay between him and the fatal day stood out clear and distinct in my occult consciousness as I examined his chart of birth.

"Your Majesty," I answered, "in three months from now all the signs point to the end of your life."

He turned pale for a moment, then with a smile said: "*Che sara sara*" ("What is to be will be").

King Humbert was assassinated three months later by the anarchist Bresci at Monza, on July 29th, 1900.

Both of these predictions were circulated in Rome by Prince Borghase and Prince Marco di Colomna, who were present with me at the interview mentioned.

THE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA

While working out "danger years" of various crowned heads, I had noted that the fatal period for King Humbert of Italy coincided within a few days of one for Muzaffer-ed-Din, the Shah of Persia, at that moment the guest of the French Government during the great Exhibition of 1900.

I had made the statement that if my system of prediction proved correct in the case of King Humbert, that about the same date the life of the Shah of Persia would also be in danger.

This was brought to the attention of Amin-es-Sultan, the Grand Vizier, who took up the matter so seriously that the moment the news reached Paris of the assassination of the King of Italy, he went at once to Monsieur Lepine, the Chief of the Paris police, and on account of my prediction insisted on having a double guard of detectives to " shadow " his master wherever he went.

It is a well-known fact, this extra guard saved the Shah's life when a few days later (August 4th) Salson, the anarchist, attempted to break through the guard and fire on the Shah.

The following day His Majesty Muzaffer-ed-Din had me brought to the Palais des Souverains and rewarded me by the Order of the Lion and the Sun of Persia.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN AND HIS SON, SIR AUSTEN

The great " Joe " Chamberlain, one of the most famous statesmen in English politics, had me meet him in his private room in the House of Commons on the morning of June 23rd, 1894, to explain to him the meaning of the lines in his son Austen's hands. He wanted this done on account of the remarkable similarity of the lines on his own hands and those of his son.

I explained to him that it was an example of heredity; that his son Austen would be destined to follow a career parallel to his own in every way.

I predicted to him that his son would in his Parliamentary career even fill the same positions that he (Joseph Chamberlain) had occupied, such as Postmaster-General, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Secretary of State and Leader of the House of Commons, but that as the lines on his hands, although lying in the same position, were not as heavily marked his personality would not be as strong as his father's, but, for all that, he would fill some of the highest positions in Parliamentary life and reach the zenith of his career during the run of 1925.*

The hands of the father and son, as a remarkable example of heredity, were published in my work, "Cheiro's Language of the Hand," as far back as 1894.

SIR LIONEL PHILLIPS AND A REMARKABLE PREDICTION

Toward the end of 1896, Sir Lionel Phillips, the South African millionaire, wrote in my visitor's book the following words:

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* In 1925 he was unanimously elected Chairman of the International Conference at Geneva and received Knighthood from the King.—(Ed.)

> " Until I visited ' Cheiro ' I had no conception that the secrets of one's life were imprinted on one's hands. To those who would conceal their history from the gaze of any fellow-creature, I would say—avoid an interview with ' Cheiro ' !
>
> (*Signed*) LIONEL PHILLIPS."

In recent years, on one of his many visits to London, Sir Lionel asked me to come and see him at his house in Wilton Place. He wanted to show me, he said, something of unusual interest. It was the notes he had jotted down of his interview in 1896. In these notes in his own handwriting was the prediction that he would, during the years 1899 and 1900, find the whole of his financial interests in jeopardy owing to a war. (This was fulfilled by the outbreak of the Boer War in October, 1899, which closed down the gold mines in Johannesburg.) But the prediction he had underlined was " *a hair-breadth escape from death to occur in the spring of* 1914." Accompanying this note he had written: " In April, 1914, as I left the Club in Johannesburg I was attacked in the street without warning, by a man who fired a revolver three times directly at me. I was badly wounded; for nearly three weeks my life was despaired of. During conscious moments I always remembered 'Cheiro's' statement that I would live to a ripe old age."

A LETTER FROM LORD PIRIE

The man who built up the great shipbuilding firm of Harland & Wolff's, Belfast, who became its head, and later for his services to the Empire was made a Peer of England, would naturally be classed as a hard-headed, practical man, yet it was from such a man I one morning received the following letter:

"Queen's Island,
Belfast.
August 14th, 1899.

"DEAR 'CHEIRO',

"I really feel constrained to tell you how much I enjoyed my interview with you on Friday last, and to hear so many facts respecting my past career from the lips of a perfect stranger was perfectly amazing.

"I was sceptical on the subject of the Study of the Hand when I went to you, but your sketch of my life from childhood until now was so wonderfully accurate, that I am bound to say I was thoroughly convinced I was wrong in my estimation of your work.

"In view of your having so distinctly stated on Friday that I was about to receive a great honour, it is remarkable that I should have received a private intimation this morning that I am to have the honorary degree of LL.D. conferred on me by the Royal University of Ireland (Dublin)—a distinction that I shall regard as the greatest that has been bestowed upon me.

"If you are passing through Belfast, I hope you will give me the pleasure of showing you round our works.

"Yours very truly,
(*Signed*) W. J. PIRIE."

The following year I accepted his invitation. For over an hour he personally conducted me to every point of interest in those great shipyards of Harland & Wolff's with which he had grown up and which are famous the world over.

A few years later he was created Lord Pirie, and during his remarkable career he received some of the highest honours that the King or nation could bestow.

In my recently published Memoirs * I have given many other examples of my predictions being fulfilled to such well-known persons as

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* "Confessions: Memoirs of a Modern Seer" (Jarrolds, Ltd., London).

Oscar Wilde, the Duke of Newcastle, Sarah Bernhardt, Lord Russell of Killowen (Lord Chief Justice of England), H.R.H. Princess Eulalie of Spain, Prince Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans and Pretender to the Throne of France, Prince Alexis Karageorgevitch, Sir Ernest Shackleton (the Antarctic explorer), Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C., "Mark Twain," Mrs. Langtry, Melba, Calvé, W. T. Stead, Mata Hari (the famous woman spy), and others too numerous to mention here.

In my book entitled "Cheiro's World Predictions," published in 1926,* many statements were made in print long before the events took place affecting nations in different parts of the globe. This book is still in circulation, and the predictions made in it are being fulfilled as the years roll past.

As I have retired from professional work, these examples of predictions fulfilled are not given here to in any way advertise myself, but are in answer to reviewers of my books who think "it is clever" to cavil at the idea that the future may be foreseen.

It would be impossible in a book of this nature to quote from the thousands of letters I have received of predictions being equally fulfilled in the lives of more private individuals.

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* "Cheiro's World Predictions" (Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., London).

I, however, take this opportunity of thanking my numerous correspondents for having gone to the trouble of sending me accounts of their own cases.

Camille Flammarion has boldly stated, in some of his recent works, " the future can be foreseen and foretold by those who have a special gift in that direction." In his volume entitled " Death and Its Mystery " he gives examples he had collected from priests, doctors, lawyers and eminent people to prove that " future events can undoubtedly be seen in advance."

My own theory is that we have little if any *real* conception of the latent powers of the mind. It is a side of study, as a rule neglected on account of the prejudice against all such things as the development of intuition, instinct or clairvoyance.

If therefore, after long practice, concentration and study I was able to develop any one of these peculiar gifts, I think it only fair to give the results of my experience to the public at large.

PART III

CHAPTER XXIII

SOME OF THE FAMOUS ALCHEMISTS AND THEIR SEARCH FOR THE "ELIXIR OF LIFE" AND TRANSMUTATION OF BASE METALS INTO GOLD

AS Astrology is the Father of Astronomy, so Alchemy is the Mother of Chemistry.

The word "Alchemy" is extremely ancient. It is derived from the Arabic *al* = the, and Kimya = Chemistry. It may also be a derivation of the old Egyptian word *Khemia*, which means "the preparation of the black ore," which was regarded as the active principal in the transmutation of metals.

From a very distant period of time the Egyptians had the reputation of being skilled workers in metals and from Greek writers we know that they were well versed in the theories of transmutation, employing quicksilver in the process of separating gold and silver from the native matrix, and they declared that the resulting oxide possessed marvellous powers containing within it the individualities of the various metals.

There grew up in Egypt the idea that magical powers existed in fluxes and alloys and such a belief spread throughout Europe in connection with the bronze-working castes of its various races.

It is evident from researches that this Egyptian tradition coming down through Alexandrian and Greek sources was the foundation on which the science of Alchemy became built. When the Mohammedans conquered Egypt they carried on the researches left over by their Egyptian predecessors, and through them the art was brought to Morocco and in the eighth century to Spain, where it took root in fertile soil.

From the ninth century to the eleventh Spain became the chief centre of alchemical science from which it radiated to all parts of the continent of Europe.

The first practical alchemist is said to be Geber, the Arabian—who existed about A.D. 720-750—but from his writings it is safe to conclude that he drew from the sources of a still more ancient unbroken line of adepts well versed in the art of alchemy.

One finds very little alterations in the formulas of the period between the seventh and seventeenth centuries which latter became the zenith of the theory and practice of the art. A wonderful unanimity of all searchers of the "great science" is shown by hermetic students of all past ages, even up to the present time.

The real object of alchemy was first and foremost the discovery of a process by which base metals might be transmuted into silver and gold; secondly, the finding of the "Elixir of Life," and lastly the production of an artificial process for creating human life.

This later stage of research is mentioned in the work of Paracelsus, who speaks of "Hornunculas," an artificial man made by alchemists and by himself. He states that "the needful spagyric substances should be taken and shut up in a glass phial and afterwards placed to digest in a warm emulsion for a space of forty days. At the end of this time there will be something which will begin to move and live in the bottle. This something is a man, but a man who has no body and is transparent. Nevertheless, he exists, and nothing remains but to bring him up—which is not more difficult to do than to make him. You may accomplish it by daily feeding him, during forty weeks, with the arcanum of human blood. At the end of this time you shall have a veritable living child, having every member as well proportioned as any infant born of a woman. He will only be much smaller than an ordinary child and his physical education will require more care and attention."

The "Elixir of Life" was the pursuit of all alchemists, both the most ancient and the most modern. Resistance to the ravages of age and the warding off of death has been the universal study common to all men and found in all nations.

Centuries before radium was discovered whose *emanations* go on for thousands of years, the alchemists believed in the emanations of metals in the mineral kingdom and from vegetables in the vegetable kingdom.

As gold is the most perfect metallic substance that exists and cannot be destroyed even by fire, one of their greatest searches was to produce the highest and purest form of the precious metal, and from it form a tincture or solution that would purify the blood from all microbes of disease.

There is considerable evidence that the ancient alchemists of Egypt were able to produce this tincture. The great Cagliostro, who studied magic among the Pyramids, was credited with the power of making an "Elixir of Life" by which he performed many of his miraculous cures. In some of his memoirs it is stated that the elixir he employed was made out of the tincture of gold with some essences of vegetables added to it of which he alone knew the secret. This potion he himself called "The Wine of Egypt."

Many medical men in the present day admit that if pure gold in solution could be introduced into the blood it would be a cure for all disease—but, alas! how to make such a tincture of gold appears to be a lost art.

In spite of the great advances made by medical science in recent years, there are still many secrets of life that remain unsolved. It may be that the present run of doctors are so hedged around by the rules and regulations of the universities to which they owe their training that they are forced to follow a beaten tract for fear of being deemed unconventional and damned by what is called "medical etiquette."

During my career in London I knew very intimately a Greek doctor who, although the possessor of high Continental degrees, would never take out an English one, for the reason that if he did he would be obliged to conform to such strict "medical etiquette" that he would not be at liberty to carry out the experiments he had at heart.

This man was not a believer in ordinary medical formulas; his chief aids in the many remarkable cures he made was the employment of gold and the electric current. I have seen him by the use of enormously high voltage dissolve gold into a gas and pass it into any part of the body he willed.

In hundreds of cases he arrested hæmorrhage of the lungs by, practically speaking, plating the bleeding cells with gold converted into a gas and carried by the electric current into the lungs.

He was a master of electricity ; he employed almost unheard-of high voltage, but for fear of any accident from some unforeseen cause taking place he always intervened his own body in such a way that he would lose his life and not the patient.

And yet this remarkable man was called a "charlatan" by all the medical faculty in England, and he would have been run out of the country if his wellnigh miraculous cures had not brought him the protection of the mighty.

But to return to our middle century alchemists. It is conceded by all unbiased historians that as a class they represented the most developed intellects of whatever age in which they lived.

Many of their names stand out as stars of light in the black firmament of superstition and religious intolerance.

I need only quote a few. The Great Hermes

Trismegistus of Egypt; Geber the Arabian; on the Continent: Alain of Lisle; Arnold de Villanova; Nicholas Flamel; Van Helmont; Martini; Richthausen; Jacob Bohme; Paracelsus; Casanova; Benvenuto Cellini; Albertus Magnus; Roger Bacon; Cagliostro; Agrippa von Netteshelm; Alexandre Akcakof; Count de Saint Germain; St. Thomas Aquinas; Eliphas Levi; Thomas Charnock; Dr. John Dee; Elias Ashmole, founder of the famous library at Oxford, and many others too numerous to mention.

It is due to the patient researches of these highly intellectual men that our present science of Chemistry owes its origin.

CHAPTER XXIV

MORE ABOUT ALCHEMISTS WHO MADE GOLD

ALBERTUS MAGNUS was an intellectual giant of the twelfth century. No less than twenty-one folio volumes are accredited to this famous alchemist. He is also considered to have been the inventor of pistols and cannons, and his scientific attainments were acknowledged by the greatest men of his own time.

Michael Maier, the author of numerous works on alchemy, has declared that Albertus Magnus succeeded in making the Philosopher's Stone which before his death he gave to his distinguished pupil, St. Thomas Aquinas, who destroyed the precious gift, believing its power to come from the devil. Albertus Magnus himself declared in his work on Metals and Minerals that he had " personally tested some gold which had been made by an alchemist which resisted many searching fusions."

A correspondent writing to the *Liverpool Post* of November 28th, 1907, gives an interesting account of an Egyptian alchemist he had met in Cairo. He goes on to say: " This man received me in his private house in the native quarter. Clad in the flowing robes of a graduate of Al Azhar, his long grey beard giving him a truly venerable aspect, the sage by the far-away expression of his eyes, betrayed the mind of the dreamer, of the man lost to the meaner comforts of the world in his devotion to the secret mysteries of the universe.

" After the customary salaams, the learned man informed me that he was seeking three things—the Philosopher's Stone at whose touch all metal should become gold, the Elixir of Life, and the Universal Solvent which would dissolve all substances as water dissolves sugar; the last, he assured me, had indeed been discovered a short time before.

" I was well aware of the reluctance of the medieval alchemists to divulge their secrets believing as they did that the possession of them by the vulgar would bring about ruin of states and the fall of kingdoms, and I feared that the reluctance of the modern alchemist to divulge any secrets to a stranger and a foreigner would be no less.

" However, I drew from my pocket Sir William Crookes's spinthariscope, a small box containing a particle of radium highly magnified, and showed it to the Sheikh.

" When he beheld the wonderful phenomenon of this dark speck flashing out its fiery needles on all sides, he was in wonder, and when I assured him that it would retain this property for a thousand years he hailed me as a fellow-worker and as one who had indeed penetrated into the secrets of the world. His reticence disappeared at once, and he began to tell me the aims and methods of alchemical research which was the same as those of the ancient alchemists of yore.

" The next day I was granted the unusual privilege of inspecting the Sheikh's laboratory, and I duly presented myself at the appointed time.

" My highest expectations were fulfilled; everything was exactly what an alchemist's laboratory should be, the sage surrounded by his retorts, alembics, crucibles, furnace and bellows, and, best of all, supported by assistants of gnome-like appearance squatting on the ground, one blowing the fire (a task to be performed daily for six hours continuously), one pounding substances in a mortar and another seemingly engaged in doing odd jobs.

" After satisfying my curiosity in a general way, I asked the sage to explain the principles of his researches and to tell me on what his theories were based.

" He explained that all metals are debased forms of the original gold, which is the only pure, non-composite metal; that all nature strives to return to its original purity, and all metals would return to gold if they could.

" 'Nature is simple,' he said, 'and not complex, and works upon one principle, namely, that of sexual reproduction.' "

M. Figuier, in his work, "L'Achimie et les Alchimistes," relates a remarkable meeting he had with a modern young alchemist whose views he considered were worth quoting at length.

"Gold," this modern alchemist said, "has three distinct properties. First, that of resolving the baser metals into itself and interchanging and metamorphosing all metals into one another.

"Second, the curing of afflictions and the prolongation of life.

"Third, as a *spiritus mundi* to bring mankind into *rapport* with the supermundane spheres."

Continuing, the young man went on to say: "The object of modern alchemy might be reduced to the search for a substance having the power to transform and transmute all other substances one into another—in short, to discover that medium so well known to the alchemists of old and lost to us.

"In the four principal substances of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon and azote, we have the *tetractus* of Pythagoras and the *tetragram* of the Chaldeans and Egyptians. All the sixty elements are referable to these original four.

" The ancient alchemical theory established the fact that all the metals are the same in their composition, that all are formed from sulphur and mercury, and that the difference between them is according to the proportion of these substances in their composition.

" Further, all the products of minerals present in their composition complete identity with those substances most opposed to them. Thus, fulminating acids contains precisely the same quantity of carbon, oxygen and azote as cyanic acid, and ' cyanhydic ' acid does not differ from formate ammoniac. This new property of matter is known as ' isomerism.' "

He went on to say: " If the theory of isomerism can apply to such bodies, the transmutation of metals ceases to be a wild impractical dream and becomes a scientific possibility, the transformation being brought about by a molecular rearrangement.

" Isomerism can be established in the case of compound substances by chemical analysis, showing the identity of their constituent parts.

" In the case of metals, it can be proved by the comparison of the properties of isomeric bodies with the properties of metals in order to discover whether they have any common characteristics.

"Such experiments," he went on to say, "had been conducted by M. Dumas, a well-known French chemist, with the result that isomeric substances were found to have equal equivalents, or equivalents which were exact multiples one of another. This characteristic is also a feature of metals. Gold and osmium have identical equivalents, as have platinum and iridium.

"The equivalent of cobalt is almost the same as that of nickel, and the semi-equivalent of tin is equal to the equivalent of the two preceding metals."

In my recently published Memoirs, "Confessions of a Modern Seer,"* I have related at some considerable length my own experiences with a chemist who actually made gold from a mixture of various clays, and who received from the United States Government Mint in Washington as high a price for the gold he sent in as any that had ever been paid for the precious metal from the famous gold mines of California.

In the same chapter in that book I gave an account of an interview in the *World Magazine* of June 26th, 1916, with Rudolph M. Hunter, of Philadelphia—a man who ranks third after Edison among the great patentees of the world, a recognized scientist, with a world-wide reputation, who declared: "I *can* manufacture gold not only from baser metals, but from *common mineral substances, such as stone*."

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* "Memoirs: Confessions of a Modern Seer." By "Cheiro." Jarrolds, Ltd., London.

CHAPTER XXV

STRANGE STORIES FROM THE ALCHEMISTS

THERE are many strange stories to be found in the records of Thomas Aquinas, who after his death was canonized by Rome and whose name has since descended to posterity as St. Thomas Aquinas.

This man was undoubtedly one of the greatest scholars of his age. He received the foundation of his education from the monks of Monte Cassino and later in the University of Naples.

Against the wishes of his family, who were of high noble descent, he joined the Society of Preaching Friars, or Dominicans, when only seventeen years of age.

His mother, being indignant at his taking a vow of poverty, did everything in her power to alter his decision, but to no purpose. The Friars, in order to get him away from her appeals, took him to various cities in Italy, and finally to Rome. His devoted mother followed him through all these changes of residence, but was never permitted to see him again.

His two elder brothers on one occasion waylaid him on his road to Paris, where he was going to complete his education, and confined him for two years in the castle of Aguino, where he had been born. In some way, however, he managed to send a communication to the superiors of his order, and finally escaped from a window in the castle.

Later on he became a pupil of the great alchemist, Albertus Magnus, and learned many secrets of magic from him, the most important being the secret of making gold from the baser metals.

It is also related that he broke to pieces a man made of brass that Albertus Magnus had spent thirty years in perfecting. He smashed it, it is said, "Because the image would not cease talking and interrupted his studies."

On another occasion, when his laboratory was situated in a large thoroughfare where grooms exercised their horses, he determined to put an end to their continual noise. For this purpose he made use of his knowledge of magic to construct a small horse of brass, which he buried in the centre of the highway. From the moment he did this, it is stated, no horse would pass down the road. It was in vain the grooms tried by whip, spur, or coaxing to force the animals to conquer their reluctance;

in the end they had to give in and leave the thoroughfare to St. Thomas.

THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR

The history of King Arthur is closely associated with the occult. We find him connected with one of the greatest names of magicians of early English times, namely, that of Merlin the Enchanter.

From Merlin, King Arthur is credited with having received excellent counsel, both magical and otherwise. It was supposed he was with the King when he received his magic sword Excalibur, which endowed him with power and invulnerability.

Glastonbury, in Somerset, even in the earliest days, became famous for its association with King Arthur's Court and the Round Table.

The ruins of the famous Abbey are the most picturesque and largest in England, and date back to the reported arrival of Joseph of Arimathæa, who was sent to Britain by St. Philip. It is said that Joseph received a small island in Somersetshire, where he "constructed with twisted twigs" the first Christian church in England, which afterwards became the great Abbey of Glastonbury.

A legend states that Joseph of Arimathæa planted his staff in the ground, which became a thorn flowering twice a year, at Christmas and on Good Friday, the reason given for this being that Joseph's staff had originally been part of the thorn bush from which the " Crown of Thorns " had been made.

In the New Testament it is stated that Joseph of Arimathæa was a wealthy Jew who had been converted by the Christ, and who after the Crucifixion went to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus, that he subsequently prepared it for burial, and placed it in his own tomb. In the Gospel of Peter he is described as a " friend of Pilate and of the Lord."

It is from the annals of Glastonbury Abbey that comes the beautiful story of " The Quest of the Holy Grail," a chalice of the Last Supper, in which Joseph of Arimathæa put the blood from the wounds of the crucified Saviour and carried it with him to Glastonbury.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE EXTRAORDINARY STORY OF GILLES DE LAVAL, THE MAN WHO MADE A COMPACT WITH THE DEVIL

GILLES DE LAVAL, Lord of Raiz and Marshal of France, was born about the year 1420 of one of the richest and noblest families of Brittany.

In his twentieth year his father died and he became possessed of unlimited power and great wealth.

At his father's death he inherited no less than fifteen domains worthy of any prince, which brought him in an income of three hundred thousand pounds per year.

Everything promised for him a brilliant and illustrious career instead of the terrible history of crime which enveloped him before the end.

At the outset of his life he did nothing to justify an evil augury. He served with gallantry and success in the wars of Charles VI against the English and fought under Joan of Arc in the never-to-be-forgotten Siege of Orleans. His courage on the field of battle was so great that he received from the King himself the high position of Marshal of France.

From this point his destiny tended downward until it ended in an ignominous death at the hands of the public executioner.

Retiring from the Court at an early age, he went back to his Château of Champtocé in Provence and immediately indulged in a life of sumptuous luxury and extravagance almost impossible to describe.

Two hundred horsemen accompanied him wherever he went, while his train of followers in his hunting expeditions exceeded in magnificence even that of the King himself.

His retainers were dressed in the richest apparel embroidered with pure gold, while his horses were caprisoned with the most elaborate trappings that could be obtained.

Day and night the gates of his castle stood open to all comers, an ox, a sheep and a pig were roasted whole each day, together with poultry, sufficient to feed five hundred persons, together with a sumptuous allowance of wine and beer.

He carried the same love of pomp into his religious devotions, he had a bishop for his personal chaplain, a dean, a chanter, two archdeacons, four vicars, twelve assistant chaplains and eight choristers in his ecclesiastical establishment, all of them being provided with horses and servants and dressed in the most costly garments of scarlet velvet and rich furs.

Every vessel or crucifix in his chapel was made of gold and had to be transported with him wherever he went, together with many organs, each carried by six men.

In his château he maintained a choir of twenty-five young children of both sexes and caused them to be taught music by the best masters of the day. He also supported fifty comedians, fifty dancers and fifty jugglers, and every hour was filled with some sensual gratification or voluptuous amusement.

Such was the life of the young lord of Raiz when he took for his wife Catherine, the heiress of the noble family of Thouars, which event gave him a fresh occasion of displaying his insane passion for luxurious pomp and ceremony.

As Lord of Raiz he gave the most sumptuous banquets in all France, guests came from all parts of Europe to witness his tournaments, and it is said they did not know which to admire most, his skill in knightly games or his profound erudition.

A few months after his marriage he locked up his beautiful young wife in one of the towers of the castle where not even her closest relations were allowed to see her or hold communication with her in any way whatsoever.

At last his enormous income began to feel the strain of his extravagance, and in order to obtain money for his expenditures he was compelled to sell one domain after the other until the King passed an edict forbidding him to sell the remainder of his estates.

Gilles de Laval could not retrench, he could not live in diminished splendour. Money therefore became the one necessity of his life, and to obtain it he set himself out to become an alchemist and produce gold from the baser metals.

Messengers were sent by him to Italy, Austria, Germany and Spain to the principal adepts of Alchemy to come as soon as possible to the Château of Champtocé.

Among those who came was an alchemist of Padua named Prélati who remained with him to the end. On the advice of this man, Gilles de Laval built a magnificent laboratory fitted up with every apparatus necessary for research work.

Joined by other adepts, for more than twelve months the search went on for the "Philosopher's Stone," more than a thousand chemical combinations were tried, one after the other, a certain amount of gold it appears was made, but in such small quantities that the expense was helping to exhaust the Marshal's already depleted treasury.

The Lord of Raiz became impatient; he wanted wealth but he wanted it immediately. At this stage Prélati, who had completely gained his confidence, whispered to him of quicker and bolder methods of obtaining results desired if he had the daring to follow Prélati's plans.

Gilles de Laval agreed, he immediately dismissed all the inferior adepts and put himself in the hands of his tempter to do with him as he wished.

Prélati's suggestion was that if his master would sign a contract in his own blood with the Devil, his Supreme Majesty would grant all his wishes and show him where treasures of gold were concealed.

That very night, in the now deserted laboratory, Prélati conducted a pretended séance, at which he caused the Devil to appear in the form of a handsome youth of about twenty-one years of age.

In this guise, the Devil reproached the Lord of Raiz with having squandered his fortune on sumptuous entertainments for the enjoyment of others and to satisfy his own vanity, when he might have employed his money in more sinful ways. In fact, the Devil told him plainly that wicked as he was, he had not yet reached the state of depravity that would make him eligible as a suitable companion for the Lord of the lower world.

" I will place you in a stage of probation for seven months," his Majesty haughtily said. " If at the end of that period you have fulfilled all my desires I will lead you to a treasure cave that is filled from floor to ceiling with ingots of gold."

The Lord of Raiz pleaded that seven months was a long time to wait, that he was already in debt and at the end of his resources.

The Devil only laughed and answered, " That he could get still deeper in debt," and suggested " that he should ignore the King's edict and mortgage the remainder of his land."

" You will want riches," the Devil sneered, " if you are to prove yourself a fit companion for me—virtue costs money, you will have to buy it at any price. Parents sell their daughters at the highest figure they can get. My Kingdom has plenty of old hags, most of them harlots, but I want the souls of young girls and as many virgins as possible. With your lordly appearance you can be extremely useful to my plans, but you must have no scruples in carrying them out.

" Think of the voluptuous pleasures lying ahead of you for the next seven months, the raiding of some village at the head of your horsemen every night, the seizing of a virgin, the bearing of her in triumph to your castle and the breaking of her in to do your bidding.

" Do not fear that you will become satiated, I promise I will put into your mind ideas of lust, cruelty and crime that have never yet been conceived. Seven months will be all too short for you and at the end of that time think of the ingots of gold I have promised to give you."

The Lord of Raiz did think, it was perhaps the gold that tempted him the most, to those who have had wealth and lost it, the madness to regain it is the worst hell of all.

Gilles de Laval signed the contract that night with his own blood, taken from his left breast.

The next night the Devil again appeared in the guise of a young man, horses were brought round, he rode the most spirited one by the side of his slave.

A village was raided, a dozen girls were seized, thrown across the backs of the horses they were carried into the Castle ; they passed through every indignity that was possible ; ten of them committed suicide and the Devil laughed at a good night's work.

From that out the iniquities committed in the Château de Champtocé became indescribable. Gilles de Laval became a madman in the pursuit of cruelty and vice. One of his favourite pastimes was to suspend a naked girl by a cord of silk round her neck, her feet resting on the top of wooden steps to which he attached a rope. He placed a sharp sword in the girl's right hand, telling her that at a given moment when he jerked the steps from her feet, she could, if she was quick enough by a swing of the sword over her head, cut the silken cord and save her life.

Some girls succeeded in passing this ordeal, but many failed, as was proved by the number of their corpses found in the dungeons of the castle when Gilles de Laval was in the end arrested.

Reports say that towards the end of the seventh month, the Devil became more and more exigent. He insisted that the "Black Mass" had to be performed every night at twelve and that more and more victims, both boys and girls, be brought into the castle never to leave it again.

The last week of the seventh month was coming to a close when the Devil demanded from the Lord of Raiz the greatest test of all, a few nights previously he had brought him to the centre of the forest about a mile from the château and showed him a cave made of slabs of stone which he promised would turn into ingots of gold on the last hour of his probation, provided he passed the supreme test of faith.

Briefly, it was that he should find a woman about to be delivered of a child, that he would kill the mother, take the living child from her womb and sacrifice it at the end of the " Black Mass " at the climax of his probation.

Circumstances favoured this diabolical plan being brought to completion in the following way :

His beautiful wife, Catherine, was coming to the last stages of her pregnancy when her lord and master informed her that with Prélati he was leaving for a pilgrimage to Rome, but he would allow her sister Anne to come to her tower-prison and remain with her until his return.

That night, alone in the castle, the two ladies began talking of the strange rumours that were being circulated, of girls having been stolen from villages and boys and girls seen to enter the château never to be heard of again.

As the Lord of Raiz was absent, their woman's curiosity prompted the two sisters to explore the underground chambers of the castle to which they had been forbidden to enter. In doing this they came across an inner tower built in such a way that it had no entrance from the outside walls.

Descending some steps, they came face to face with a heavy oak door which would have barred their progress if the Lady of Raiz had not noticed a copper button in the centre that seemed highly polished by constant use.

Pressing on this button the door swung back and they entered into what was apparently an underground chapel.

To their horror they beheld all the objects of sacred worship in a reverse position to what they would be in a regular chapel. The Holy Cross stood upside down with the naked body of a woman nailed to it head downwards, while on the slab of black marble that did duty for the High Altar the body of a boy lay stretched with the left side open and the heart cut out.

The Lady of Raiz would have fallen in a swoon, if at that moment she had not heard the clang of the outer bell announcing that her husband had returned and was entering the gates.

Her sister Anne, in indescribable fright, rushed out of the chapel and fled up the stairs until she reached the roof of the outer terrace. Once there she tore off her white robe and waved it in the moonlight, hoping to attract the attention of some horsemen riding past. As fate should have it the two cavaliers at the head of the troop, happened to be her own brothers who hearing that the Lord of Raiz had gone on a pilgrimage to Rome were coming to visit her and Madame de Raiz.

Meanwhile downstairs in the chapel a terrible scene was taking place. Gilles de Laval with Prélati had entered.

Dragging Madame de Raiz out of a mock confessional box in which she had hidden, Prélati whispered in his master's ear, " The Devil's last order to you was, find a pregnant woman about to be delivered of a child, take the living child from her womb and sacrifice it under the Cross. Behold he has sent you the woman, it is the last hour of the seventh month of your probation—do not hesitate—but act."

The Lord of Raiz drew his sword; he was about to kill the unfortunate woman before him, when her brothers rushed in and knocked the sword from his hand.

Gilles de Laval and his accomplice Prélati were brought to trial before a commission composed of the Bishop of Nantes, Chancellor of Brittany, the Vicar of the Inquisition and Pierre l'Hopital, President of the Provençal Parliament.

De Raiz was accused of sorcery, black magic and murder. At first he displayed the most absolute coolness and disdain of the court, but the overwhelming evidence brought against him, together with the revelations made by Prélati and his servants of his sacrifices of young children for the supposed gratification of the Devil, this horrible tale as it unfolded day by day of the black record of his enormities shook even his courage so that in the end he confessed everything.

The blood-stained chronicle showed that over one hundred children had fallen victims to this madman and his insane greed for gold.

Both De Raiz and Prélati were sentenced to be burned alive, but in consideration of his rank as Marshal of France, De Raiz was strangled before he was given over to the flames.

As he mounted the scaffold with a hideous assumption of religious faith, he called to Prélati, " Farewell, dear friend, in this world we shall never meet again, but let us rest our hopes in God—that we shall see each other in Paradise."

The Château de Champtocé stands to-day in ruins in its beautiful valley. As women pass in the distance they cross themselves in dread—

as men pass they curse the Lord of Raiz for the grief and sorrow he brought to so many homes.

So ends the story of Gilles de Laval.

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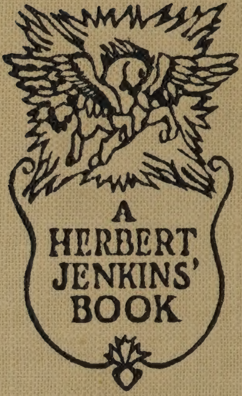
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